"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY, One Dollar a Year. | MAY, 1907. | VOL. IX. No. 7.

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

BUT HE DOESN'T.

I'll try is a cheat. He doesn't mean you will try. He means you will continue on the fence until somebody *coaxes* you to jump down on the *I Will* side.

In the meantime he goes on cheating you to do your work poorly as you can and be resigned. He cheats you of the joy of doing things as well as you can, thus developing the ability to pass into the next class.

I'll try begins in the kindergarten and stays there.

I'll Do It gets somewhere.

WHERE TWO ARE NOT AGREED.

Here is a letter from a woman with a husband, one little boy and a peck of troubles. It seems the boy is like her, while the father is short tempered and scolds the boy, sometimes when he isn't to blame. Then the mother comforts the boy and cries with him. Sends him upstairs and lectures the husband, reminding him that there is a family skeleton in a mad house, and if he, the father, doesn't watch out he'll drive their little boy on to the same fate. The husband replies that *she* is spoiling the boy by "babying" him. When the mother calls the ten-year old scolded one into another room and puts her arms around him, he sobs, "Oh, mamma, this will be the death of me yet."

Now doesn't that sound natural? To me it is an echo from the past. So I'm calling a meeting right here of all the mothers that want harmony in the home, and I hope all the fathers will snoop around and overhear the talk I'm giving their wives. The husbands will share the fate of all listeners, and I hope they'll accept the lesson and improve.

To every wife interested I say this:

Evidently you and your husband are direct opposites. He is masculine, brusque; you are sentimental, feminine. Your boy takes after you. The greatest danger for him is that you will spoil him by "babying" him *at the wrong time.*

He needs to learn to take his hard knocks like a *man,* not like a woman.

Never pity him at such a time! Tell him to brace up and take his scoldings like a major—or as a foot ball player takes his hard knocks.

What if his father is unjust to him at times? So is everybody unjust at times. But the father's injustice is no excuse for the boy's cry-baby-ness.

Rouse the boy's *manhood* at such times, instead of playing on the woman in him. Tell him to "be game" and proud of himself.

Tell him his father's shortcomings are no worse than his boy's shortcomings, *or your own.* They are different, that's all.

Tell him his father doesn't *mean* to be unjust or unkind, any more than

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

you do; he simply isn't perfect any more than anybody else is, and that is the particular form of imperfection that shows up in him.

Tell your boy that his father's brusqueness is due to lack of self-control, *not* to wrong intention; and that *the boy's crying is due to the same kind of lack of self-control.*

And that the crying is just as "bad" as the brusqueness.

Then put your boy on his mettle to take his scoldings calmly, without "feelings" of *any* sort; to correct if possible his actions that called forth the scolding; and to *forget it as quickly as possible.*

Then *help* him to forget it by dismissing it from your own thought and talk, and getting interested in something worth while.

Every boy needs a loving and sympathetic mother. And he needs no less a brusque father, and plenty of boy playmates.

A mother like you melts the boy to softness, while the hard knocks hammer him into shape. It's just the difference between melted iron and *steel;* between sentimental mush and *character*—the sort of character that turns every buffet to beautiful results.

Don't fend your son—nor your girl—from anybody's hard knocks. Just teach them both to *meet* knocks like a *man.*

They will thank you later.

And as you and your children learn to *make light* of unpleasant happenings and *make much* of the *right intent* at the bottom of the father's heart, you will find yourselves *all* outgrowing the old discord. Thus does *belief in good* dissipate unpleasantness.

WE SHALL SEE. "Something terrible in the form of a cataclysm is to affect New York and vicinity in the coming months.

"I feel that it is my duty to add my voice and influence to the word of warning that is now sounding through the mental realm. It is predicted by astrologers and clairvoyants but all are indefinite as to the cause of the trouble. A tidal wave over New York and Brooklyn caused by an earthquake in that region is the sum of the predictions.

"My teachers, who come to me from the celestial state of existence tell me that there will be a disaster but they are not close enough in touch with earthly time and conditions to predict the time or the exact material aspect of the disaster. I know that if I lived in New York or Brooklyn I should be guided by the spirit to move myself and belongings into a region over which there is no cloud of impending trouble.

"Predictions, whether astrological or clairvoyant, must always be affected by the personal element to a greater or lesser degree, and hence they can only approximate truth, but when a number agree that a certain region is to suffer from an overabundance of the liquid element it is well for any one involved to go into the silence and ask to be protected from nature's disturbances or led away from them if it is necessary. Yours for the truth, Walter De Voe, Chicago."

How does Walter De Voe know what the spirit would lead him to do if he lived in New York?

I'm not sure but Walter is hypnotized by the perdictions of soothsayers, who in turn are hypnotized by others, or by their own fears.

Read my editorial on "And They Didn't," in March *Nautilus,* all ye who are scared by such predictions.

The San Francisco quake was never specifically predicted, and it came. By that same token the New York cataclysm which is predicted will doubtless fail to materialize—as all the others do. Or it will prove to be a moral, mental and spiritual cataclysm good for the soul.

If I lived in New York, I'd stay there unless the spirit *really* led me out. I wouldn't be scared out. And I'm quite sure the spirit doesn't tell folks ahead of time what it will lead them to do.

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

Suppose New York does get a good washing—as it will if it needs it badly enough. Nobody will get washed onto a new plane of existence that won't be the better off for it. Says Old Walt:

"Has anybody told you it is lucky to be born? I tell you it is just as lucky to die, and I know it."

This running away from things to keep from dying only runs you into death before your time.

It is fear that kills, even in cataclysms.

Seek death and it flees you; flee death and it finds you. This is the secret of the charmed life.

Yes, the spirit leads people out of danger. It likewise leads them into danger. As it led Pharaoh when he needed more sense than he could take into his old brain that was set on slavery. As it led Jesus up into the woods to argue things out with the devil.

Mary A. Livermore in her autobiography tells a number of instances where the spirit led her out of danger. One time she sat dozing in a railroad train, leaning against the window casing, when the spirit impelled her to rise quickly and step into the aisle. Just a senseless impulse rising through her sleepy mind. As she stepped out the whole side of the car was torn off in collision with another train, and every soul on that side of the car was killed or badly injured. She only escaped. Just *three seconds* between her and the common fate. The spirit spoke and she obeyed.

Yes, the spirit will lead you out of danger—if you go *quietly* along about your business and trust it.

If you get scared and run you'll probably run the wrong way. Nothing like keeping cool and sweet, and tending right to business.

VALE, HELICON HALL.

Everybody has been interested in Upton Sinclair's colony at Englewood, N. J., established on the proceeds from his Jungle book. We all hoped he would succeed, for we *want* to see Utopia materialize. In spite of the rumblings and ups and downs over there in Englewood we hoped the colony would pull through and get into easy running order. Lots of nice literary folk went there—our Grace Mac Gowan Cooke and her sister among them. Nearly all the fifty-five folk at Helicon Hall were writers or painters or something. Even the housekeeper. We have heard that literary folks can't be good housekeepers. But still, we hoped.

Our Grace wrote us such pleasant accounts of the congenial people there, no social distinctions, and of the beautiful place itself. And *she* hoped. By and by we sent our paragon housekeeper over there to help. And we planned to go ourselves, just for a little week this summer.

Perhaps you can imagine then the shock of walking up to a newsstand and finding flaring headlines—"HELICON HALL BLOWN UP AND BURNED DOWN!—*one man dead, many injured —Grace Mac Gowan Cooke, sister and two children — jumped from third story windows!*" And all the rest of it. We breathed deep and read avidly. And then we wondered. And wrote to Grace.

Pretty soon came letters. One from our ex-paragon, written March 20. Then two from Grace, one addressed to the readers of *The Nautilus*. She knew we'd want to know *why* a new thought woman attracted such an experience,

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

and *how she took it.* So she gives us her explanation. It's good.

Here is Mrs. Wheeler's letter first, because it is descriptive. Following that is Grace's letter to you.

I got back late Monday night from the scene of the disaster at Helicon Hall, of which you will have read. It was a terrible experience for us all, as we lost every last thread and button of clothes, and other personal property, escaping only in our nightgowns. The loss in valuable manuscripts is very great, and all the worse as they cannot be replaced, and represent the life work of the writers. One poor fellow lost his life. I believe the cook, Mrs. Fichtenburg, is permanently injured, and Helen Knoll's face is disfigured badly. Before leaving Englewood I went to the hospital and said good-bye to those I could see. Mrs. Grace Mac Gowan Cooke wished me to give you her regards and say she will write to you when able. Both she and Miss Alice McGowan are quite seriously injured. I managed to escape by way of the stairs and kitchen, through dense smoke, but am unhurt, only unnerved and lacking ambition for the time being. Some of us walked a distance in the dark, through the snow and ice, in bare feet and clad only in thin nightdresses. Some men came along and found us and carried us on their backs the remainder of the way to the nearest houses. It is a lovely spot, rather isolated, and the surrounding houses were all residences of very wealthy people. They took us in, cared for us, and provided clothes for everyone; and money came from somewhere to take us home with. If ever anyone says to me again that "the heart of man is hard and desperately wicked," I shall say, "*Not so;* the heart of man is kindness itself, and only needs testing to be proved divine in its kindness."

My daughter Audrey had a strange physical experience at exactly the time the fire occurred. She was awakened suddenly by a strange rustling and tramping of feet and whispering noises, and got up thinking somebody was in the house. Finding nothing, she returned to bed, waking up her husband, Edwin, to ask him if he had heard anything. But he had not. Now that description exactly describes the kind of noise which roused me. The confused trampling and rustling noise with the sound of voices at a distance, and of something falling. The explosions really must have awakened me, but I laid still quite a couple of minutes thinking the men were working on the new heating plant, or boiler, which they were installing. I knew they were going to connect up some night, and let down the heat. However, the noise seemed so unfamiliar I got out of bed and opened my bedroom door and looked out. The roar of the flames and the thick smoke soon told me what it was. It was an awful moment. I was not altogether used to the stairs and corridors, and felt a fear that I could not find my way out. I did, though, and did not have to jump for my life like so many others.—H. J. WHEELER.

Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N. J.
March 21, 1907.

My dear Nautilus friends:

When anybody has set up to teach me, and they get a good hard lesson themselves, I usually want to know how they take it, and what their philosophy has been worth to them in it. Perhaps some of you are wondering why we had what seems such a particularly large and harshly taught lesson in the Helicon Hall fire.

In the first place my business in life at present is earning a living for myself and my children, which I do by way of literature. I was looking about for a suitable place when I came to Helicon Hall. I wanted a quiet spot to work in, and the responsibilities of the home taken off of me. I found the hall delightful, its people full of brotherly love and good feeling, but it was noisy, its aims were inchoate, and I soon knew that I must disassociate myself from these dear friends—if we ever do "disassociate" ourselves from people and are not simply led by the Law to what we need—and should go over to New York which would be more convenient for some of my work, and secure me a small apartment so that I might go on with my proper work uninterrupted. We talked this plan over, my sister and I, but there were two objections. We liked the people and didn't want to leave them. They liked us and didn't want us to go.

Now, when a sensible human being, who is after all a child under the Law, turns aside from his life work to play with other children at their life work—I am not belittling the aims of the Helicon Home Colony, but they were not my aims—of course, he will get him a lesson. I sometimes think the bitterness of our lessons is in proportion to the knowledge that has been vouchsafed us and that we have won, and on that account I should be very proud of this lesson, for it has been sweeping—burning—bitter.

My sister and I are both seriously injured, our manuscripts and wardrobe are entirely swept away, every belonging, every irreplaceable memento of our childhood and young womanhood is gone—*and yet neither of us is cast down nor discouraged.*

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

We feel that the answer to it must be that this was to spare us something worse. Perhaps had it not come, and had we continued to turn aside with every pleasant friend who had a junket or a picnic on hand (spiritually speaking), my children might have been taken from me in some other calamity, and that would have been a thing that I have not yet found the spiritual force to face even in thought.

So there is the lesson. We are to get up from these beds and do better work. We are to manage our lives better. And we are to love our friends better. For it is not love to weakly palter with these matters and let every inexpert outside hand tangle your plans. If you are crude you go to blaming the outside hands instead of yourself, who should have carried the sacred chrism higher.—GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE.

I think there is a deeper meaning than Grace speaks of in her letter. To this and to all other experiences in life. It jars my instinct for justice, not to mention loving kindness, to think God spanked Grace so severely for turning aside on a little "junket!" Maybe Grace needed a lesson on that line, which she got. But that lesson was only a side issue, to my way of thinking.

I've an idea that our big jolts in life come by the attractive power of our biggest and deepest desires.

As Grace is by nature, training and occupation a writer of stories, which she aims to make true to life and human nature, always with a helpful trend upward, we may assume that one of her deepest desires is to grow in the *knowledge of human experience.* She desires deeply, urgently to get to the heart of people and human experience.

To my mind it was this very desire that attracted her to Helicon Hall, to find the hearts of Sinclair and his colony of "freaks." If the colony had gone along smoothly Grace would have enjoyed the *surface* of these strongly individualized people. Only a serious life-and-death matter like that fire could show her the *hearts* of them. She will write bigger, better, broader, deeper things for that experience.

Material for splendid "copy" is one of Grace's biggest, steadiest desires in life, and her whole Helicon Hall experience has fulfilled that desire. It was a revelation to her—a revelation of *herself* and *others.*

The same principle holds good as the power that drew together all those other good literary folk, from Sinclair down to the cook.

Of course there were other lessons to learn—we all grow by learning lessons, and that is the only way we *can* grow. Sinclair wanted to run a colony, and this experience must have taught him a lot. If he tries it again he will do better. Maybe things were so tangled for him that only a fire could clear the way for further progress. Maybe. Next time he will provide fire escapes, anyway.

Running a colony is something like finding the north pole. Nobody does it, but everybody knows it *can* be done, and they all keep on trying. Wonder who will be the first to really do it. Mrs. Catherine Tingley has come pretty close to it, at Point Loma, Cal. But her colony bears the earmarks of a monarchy. Not until after her death can it prove itself a real co-operation colony of merit. Just now it is Mrs. Tingley's well governed family.

Helicon Hall was named after the mountain in Greece, where the muses were supposed to dwell. Too many H's in that name maybe—H may represent the "artistic temperament," which can't be relied upon to look well after the business end of everyday life.

Editorials, By Elizabeth.

THE MEDICAL TRUST.

The medical trust dies hard. It is still kicking in spots, in spite of one or two Supreme Court decisions that ought to have closed its eyes in peace.

Here is a letter from Dr. Charles I. White of Grand Island, Neb., who calls himself a "Magnetic-Vitaopath Physician," who has been arrested three times for healing folks after the doctors gave them up. In the last trial Judge Hanna reduced the fine to $50, because Dr. White didn't kill his patient instead of cure him, and he and the local papers score the doctors and deprecate the law that permits the arrest of healers. There are still other cases against White, who needs money to help him settle the Nebraska end of the medical trust.

And Eugene Christian is under arrest in New York City, for curing folks by telling them what to eat. Apparently New York doctors—*some* of them—are as back-woodsy and petty as some Nebraska medicos.

Eugene Christian isn't accused of injuring anybody—oh, no. He is arrested for the third or fourth time for curing folks without paying graft to the medical trust. This time he is going to take the case to the Supreme Court in the hope of knocking out the N. Y. M. T. for good, for other folk's sake as well as his own. When the M. T. heard this they made him a proposition to quit, which he promptly declined. His attorney is the son-in-law of Chief Justice Brewer, and a fighter. He and Eugene Christian mean fight to a finish, and they think they will be able to give the M. T. octopus his solar plexus quietus. Here's hoping.

THAT ANGORA GOAT PROPOSITION.

Boys and girls, don't you all go off half-cocked to New Mexico to raise Angora goats. *First,* be sure you are on the right trail; *second,* make *very* careful and complete inquiries; *third,* don't sacrifice a present bird in the hand unless you are *sure* you won't mind if you fail to materialize those Angora goats in the sage bush. See? Make very diligent inquiry before emigrating to Arizona or New Mexico on the strength of that letter from Miss Olive A. R. Tobey, printed in March *Nautilus.*

One of our bright St. Louis business women followed up that trail and she says that this is the sum of knowledge so gained:—

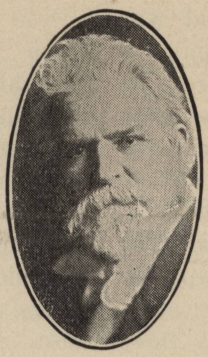
The U. S., or the individual states or territories do *not* give free land grants of irrigated lands, which are all taken up by companies or by private individuals. All heads of families, single women, men of legal age, etc., can prove up on semi-arid, arid or desert lands by residing on it continuously for five years, or for fourteen months with payments of $1.25 to $2.25 per acre. And they must build a house, show a visible water supply and cultivate a certain portion of the land, or use it for grazing.

All the desirable irrigated lands in New Mexico and Arizona are very high priced and these lands are not appropriate for goats, as they need wide ranges for browsing—they do not thrive on pasturage. The Angora does cost from $3 up to $15; the bucks from $10 to $1,000 apiece. Irrigation is an expensive necessity, or if the artesian well is preferred it will cost from $300 to $3,000, but then one has a permanent water supply. I am not sending this as a discourager to *Nautilus* readers, but to show that I have already found two sides to the question. To repeat, the main facts are: A herd of goats pays well; they are sheared for the mohair and killed for the meat. (And right here I will say it is necessary to kill off the superfluous males, and all old ones, as after a certain age the hair becomes coarse.)

It would cost from $2,000 to $4,000 to buy a herd of goats, build sheds and corrals, hire herders, establish and maintain oneself, even on "free land"—and it would require lots of hard work.

The wild freedom of the life attracts me, and the great beauty of the goats; but the slaughtering of them or the having them slaughtered does not.

Did you ever see an Angora kid? It is the most beautiful dumb creature in the world.



THE BIRCH WOOD.

It stood thru winter ghostly still,
And let the world-soul work her will.
When hoofs of winter thundered past,
It stood unfearing in the blast.
The leafless wood was sere and gray,
And its green youth seemed far away.

Now something whispers from the ground,
And all things startle at the sound.
Now suddenly a light hand shakes
A thousand boughs; a wonder breaks—
The old wild summons everywhere,
And lo, the leaf, the nest are there!

Who saw the steps of winter end?
Who saw the God of Songs descend
From the bright porches of the sun,
To build his green pavilion?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Leaners.

ELEANOR KIRK.

A leaner is not a traveler and who ever reaches the kingdom is under a solemn obligation to march. There is no way out of it, tedious as the process may appear to those unacquainted with the route. The reason why there are so many unhappy people in the world is because there are so many leaners. The leaners who are trying to keep step with the music of righteousness are often saddened as well as hindered by those who are not able to take a spiritual step without asking some one how to do it.

The possession or realization of sufficient individuality would insure against the influence of the leaner, but in general the exercise of this quality comes hard to the kind-hearted person, for the reason that it seems to contradict the divine command to love one's neighbor as oneself. But that is a mistake, and one that a little study will explain. If the truth could only be realized by both the leaners and those who permit themselves to be victimized, that every man is literally his own savior, what a change there would be in the twinkling of an eye. There would be a grand bracing up all around, and the perpendicularity of the reigning attitude would bring even the most ignorant sinners to repentance.

Some of the dearest and most fascinating people in the world are among our chronic leaners. These dear ones are not to blame, because they don't know any better. Their attitude is always deferential toward those of whom they ask favors. "You know so much more than I," they pleadingly declare. "You have had so many more advantages," or "God has gifted you, while I am forlorn and poverty-stricken in knowledge."

You realize that this is the boiled-down mother-tincture of the race thought, the false education that has prevailed for ages, and you know the impregnability of the condition. Not so the leaner. She feels that you could enlighten her if you would, and that if she were gifted and could "do things," it would be the joy of her life to instruct others. She tells you so perhaps in the most complimentary manner, and if your "mortal mind" cardiac-region is still vulnerable you feel as if you had struck a baby in the face. How thankful you would be to put her on the right track; but what is the right track for *her?* You remember that it was a cumulative experience in your own case that helped to open your spiritual eyes. What first started the winking you cannot recall, and if you could it would not be of service now. So you do the best you can painfully conscious that it has not amounted to anything. At least it has not satisfied the questioner.

There are leaners that are dead weights, and leaners that will once in a while let go of the fences and limp along for a spell. When we think about it seriously we know that they are all in various stages of development, and all seeming to the contrary there is nothing in the least discouraging about the situation. The worst of it is that these illuminating attacks do not last very long. We are so accustomed to the world of effects and its painful network of "nerves," so prone to feel bad and tell of it that we forget the explanations which have come to us from the land of cause. At these times the leaners lean harder than ever, or (seem to) and we who have emerged a few feet from the woods and are flattering ourselves that

we are no leaners, lose consciousness of the eternal presence of God with us.

Sometimes in semi-lucid moments we feel that if there could be some special rules for the leaners, the most serious of the difficulties would be obviated. But as no two leaners—happily for the sacred law of individuality—are alike, and as no leaner will ever admit of being a leaner until he has stopped leaning, we find the thought somewhat impracticable.

There *is* just one rule that will work every time, and that is the rule of judicious, good-natured silence. Advice in the connubial, domestic, metaphysical or spiritual realms is usually indiscreet if not impossible. You are yourself and your friend is herself or himself. There is no way of your knowing what you could do if in their places. The situation is none of your business, and you know you must not meddle—still, the leaner is so sad, so earnest and appears in such dire need that it really seems as if you must try and provide what is asked for. A mistake, because you can't do it? But you can always provide love if so be the divine force is really shed abroad in your heart. A frank confession of your inability to perform the requested service, a warm pressure of the hand, a cherry smile, and a God bless you will help the leaner to straighten up in better shape than all the perfunctory counsel you might feel it your duty to give, in order to secure a merely temporary ease.

The impregnability of the individual is a strange and a wonderful thing. One simply owns his own, and every attempt to interfere with another's is sure to come to grief. It is as sacred as God Himself. Each individual is a universe governed by the controlling Ego, and must learn all its lessons in that school. What a glorious arrangement; every man his own householder; every woman supreme mistress of her own home. Even a slight glimpse of this great truth gives us grace to bear with the most trying of the leaners and enables us to see that there is no reason for anxiety, concerning any of the processes. What if they are slow? There is plenty of time, or rather the whole of eternity. What if they seem tedious? That is because we make them so by our unrest and impatience. We don't want to be bothered. There is no reason why we should be. The Almighty never issued a botheration decree. We are all superior beings, not superior to each other, but each one the best of his kind. If you are not as much of a leaner as you used to be, thank the invincible Ego and take courage. If your friends seem creeping about among the brambles of externality, be sure that they will get out and get up some time, and it is none of your business when. In some of these apparently silly and useless excursions, they will find here and there the clews that lead to the perpendicular.

But be *sure* and love your neighbors *as* yourself.

Experience.

(The following verses were suggested by the reference to the "erratic conduct" of the planets in their orbits in Ella Adelia Fletcher's article in the February Nautilus.)

Astronomers tell us the planets in space,
As their circles celestial they trace round the sun,
Diverge and recoil as though truant they'd play,—
Break loose from the reins of the master and run.

But firmly they're held;—they return to pursue
The pathway appointed by Founder,—Love's way.
And so with the soul that oft ventures afar
From the pathway of truth, peaceful, shining and straight,

Into byways and mazes that lead from the light,
To the Desert of Error where Grief lies in wait;
Till wearied and famished it feels Love's restraint,
Returns to the Path and cries, "Lead me aright!"

—Christine Campbell.

Practical Telepathy.

ELLEN PRICE.

CHAPTER II.

INDIVIDUALITY AND INTUITION.

1. When I ask you to enter the silence at the same time each day, it is not for the purpose of allowing others to give thought to you at the exact time you are receptive, for that is not necessary. It is because the brain, like any other function of the body, gives better results from regularly established habits than from demands made upon it at irregular intervals.

After a thought has once been given definite form, it is yours whenever you will to receive it. This may, at first, seem impossible, but you will see the certainty with which the law acts and will also see its beauty and wisdom. A recent experience of mine may help to make the point clear.

Not long ago I met a woman whose personality pleased me; I became interested in a work she had in view and through this we came into rapport. Once when we were discussing her plans she mentioned a friend of hers and said, "She is a Christian Scientist," at which I exclaimed, "Oh, dear!" Then, feeling at once that my words had hurt her, I hastened to explain that I had no fault to find with Christian Science, but had been so annoyed by some of its followers that I had come to dread them all. Then I quickly changed the subject, giving her no chance to continue it. When we separated she was undecided as to her plans, and while still in uncertainty was called to the bedside of a sick friend, some two hundred miles away. Being much interested in her decision, I made myself receptive to her mental condition a few days later, to discover, if possible, whether her plans were definitely formed. As I entered the room of her sick friend, I saw her busily darning, and at once felt distinctly the spirited remark, "I, too, am a Christian Scientist," which rather surprised me, as I was sure no such thought was in her mind just then. Upon finishing and putting away her mending, she turned to some one who was near and said with decision, "I shall go to C— and take up my work there." This was just what I wanted to know, and I was satisfied with the result of my mental effort, but still perplexed by the remark that had first greeted me.

2. The possibility of her being a Christian Scientist had not occurred to me before, though I could readily believe it; but why the knowledge should be thus thrust on me I could not understand, unless she had wished to impart it when I so hastily changed the subject. On inquiring of her after her return, I found that this was indeed the case. This thought had no place in her mind at the time of my mental visit, yet my impression of what she was then saying and doing was correct. The thought she had projected to me several days before was kept from my mind by my deep interest in her still undecided plans, until I made myself receptive to her whole mental state; then it came to me at once. So when you hold yourself receptive to the thoughts of others, any message they may have previously sent you will come to you, the success of the effort depending on your mental condition.

3. In our present stage of soul development, we may not hope to understand fully the actual process of thought transference; but we do know that it is one manifestation of the infinite energy underlying all power, and can be truly appreciated only by developing the power within our reach. We may thus grow

into an understanding of such knowledge as we can use, and continue to grow in wisdom as our needs increase, just as a child grows. The wisest of men are but little children in their knowledge of the workings of this wonderful power. Let us, then, enter the kindergarten class in life's school, and pursue the study of telepathy, weaving our patterns out of bright fancies, and playing the games set by grave experience, in faith that we are day by day grasping some new truth, and growing into the ways of students. When some exercise given seems unnecessary, or some subject already familiar, follow it again faithfully nevertheless, so that your effort may add to the power of the vibrations of the whole. Remember that your efforts are not only to develop the mental power needed for telepathy, but also to establish harmonious relations with other minds, that you may use the power, and to open your understanding to telepathic intelligence. This necessitates your practice and development in harmony with other minds, and in pursuit of the same knowledge that they seek.

4. With this thought to guide us we will now take up the work preliminary to the study of telepathy. We must first understand some of the terms used. *Telepathy* is communication between minds, effected independently of any known medium other than the thought transmitted. It is accomplished through the finer faculties of the mind,—the so-called psychic sense. This *psychic sense* is simply intuition brought to a high point of development.

Intuition is a spiritual force that manifests itself through a certain mental condition, just as vitality manifests itself through a certain physical condition. Both are manifestations of the same life force but on different planes. They manifest not through mind or body directly but through the currents of nerve force which generate life. If through neglect or ignorance we interfere with the orderly workings of the bodily organism, the vital force no longer manifests itself through the body, and we say that life is extinct. It is not because this life force withdrew from the body that the work of the organism has stopped, but because the work stopped, the conditions through which this life force, or vitality, could manifest ceased to exist, and life became extinct. The condition necessary to the free flow of vitality through the body is its harmonious relations to the laws of nature. So long as the acts and conditions affecting the body are in accord with the interests of life, there is no limit to the flow of vitality.

5. When life is extinct, the brain's action ceases, and the conditions for the manifestation of intuition through the mind do not exist; but there is every evidence that intuition operates with full power during suspended animation or complete passivity, as in a trance. This fact proves that intuition is an independent intelligence, that manifests itself only through the condition of mental activity, though the mind may not be cognizant of its activity, and may respond to the suggestions of another, as in the hypnotic sleep. We may receive intuitive intelligence while passive, and express it at the command of another, without consciousness of the act, but we cannot *come into possession of this knowledge* ourselves without conscious mental action. Therefore if you desire to make your mind a medium for this higher intelligence, you must first understand and apply the intelligence generated within your own mind. This is individuality of character.

6. One who is lacking in individuality may have finely developed psychic powers, but if he does not have strength of character and will to guide their use,

they will prove untrustworthy. All intelligence is at your command, and you should seek to develop an understanding enabling you to recognize and use what serves your highest purpose.

First unfold individuality as a medium of expression of the higher powers you desire. To do this you must consider intelligently your mental efforts.

There is a generally accepted hypothesis which assumes that man has two minds, or two distinct processes of mental functioning; one in which the train of thought is a positive process, and one in which it is a negative process. To simplify our work we will use the term *conscious mind* to designate the positive attitude through which the mind operates, and *subconscious mind* for the negative attitude in which it operates. All consciousness of the physical man is of the conscious mind, and all consciousness of the spiritual man is of the subconscious mind. The conscious mind makes suggestions which are acted on by the subconscious, and the subconscious yields intelligence at the command of the conscious. It follows, then, that the conscious mind is the seat of operations for our work. We must understand and control our conscious efforts before we can control our unconscious efforts through them.

7. Definite ideas and purposes and positive results are necessary to the workings of the conscious mind. Form the habit of thinking and expressing yourself *definitely*. A definite thought is power. A vacillating, uncertain thought is wasted energy; it has no force, and cannot impress other minds. If a vague idea presents itself to you, do not entertain it; dismiss it at once, without trying to give it rational form. If you tire of an idea before you have found its full value, let go of it completely, banishing the last lingering consciousness of it.

When free to direct your thoughts, always choose what is of vital interest, and pursue it with a purpose. If this is impossible, become interested in whatever demands your attention, however monotonous and commonplace. Make believe you are doing it for the love of it; regard it as a joke, if necessary, and perform every part of it with care.

8. After thus finishing all that demands immediate attention, you may seat yourself in the quiet, and abandon your mind to the consideration of why you are doing work you dislike, and why you dislike it. These are vital questions; follow them up. Don't be afraid of results. A mental effort in any form is material for the development of individuality, and makes a demand on the subconscious mind that will result in ideas ultimately beneficial to you; but the effort must be sincere, for definite thought is generated only by sincerity. Your daily occupation probably requires definite thought along one line only; and, until the questions touching upon your daily life have been settled, and all things important to your inner self classified and arranged, the resources of your individuality will remain unknown.

When you have thus reached a conclusion on any given subject, it will be a definite one, and you may express it with confidence when the occasion requires you to speak. But before speaking, be sure the occasion requires it; then speak definitely, with quiet conviction, and once only. If you want to carry your point, hold the thought firmly and confidently in your mind, and let it speak for itself. All vague ideas and vacillating thoughts of those about you will yield to your stronger, better poised idea. In the end you will realize that to speak is something more than to give oral expression to your thought.

9. When you feel that you can no longer think definitely without an effort, rest for a time, receiving indifferently whatever impressions may come to you. Listen to the silence. It is the way through which all wisdom flows, and the beautiful in nature is the key that opens

it to you. Sit and look upon a beautiful scene,—a floating cloud, or the bare branch of a tree athwart the sky,—and listen quietly. Omnipotence speaks; and though at first you may not distinctly understand, you will *feel* a mighty presence of love and wisdom, which shuts out the noise of the world.

If you desire a clear understanding of all within your reach, cutivate these silences. Listen to them, and you will grow, and expand into a likeness of your beautiful self. But do not forget that nature is God's language, and if you would receive His messages, learn to understand this language of the beautiful. If you would have His greeting of love for the day, look upon the sunrise; if His benediction of peace for the night, open your soul to the glory of the sunset. For our days are set within the bounds of infinite love and wisdom; and when you have given this passageway of silence to Divine Love, only the true and the beautiful can reach you, and you may safely open yourself to any message from another mind.

10. Paradoxical as it may seem, this silence is truly alive with the vibrations of intelligence which we receive, according to the demands of our individual consciousness. This makes it necessary that our first efforts be directed to the development of the individual. To this end, take and hold this thought firmly and confidently in your mind: *I am a separate, distinct, and intelligent individuality.* Write or print this sentence carefully in large letters on a card or slip of paper, then close your eyes and try to bring it before your mental vision, a letter at a time if need be, until you can see each word in its proper order. You cannot do this at first, perhaps; but practice it in leisure moments, until you can easily read the whole sentence in clear, bold letters whenever you wish. Do not make a strained attempt to do this, nor at any time practice it with an effort. It will be difficult at first to hold the picture for more than a few seconds, but your concentration will gradually improve, and as we will continue the practice, you need not be in haste.

After you have thus practiced for a short time, think definitely on the meaning of individuality. Consider it as applied to yourself. Ask yourself, "Are the ideas I accept as mine always the result of my own thought?" "Do I ever advance an idea without sincere conviction?" and so on, making definite answers. It matters less what questions you ask than how you think upon and answer them. Study the subject until you know and feel that you are a distinct, separate and intelligent individuality. Carry the consciousness of this above all else.

When this becomes an effort, stop thinking and listen to the silence. Listen quietly and closely, but without effort, until the silence as it were becomes audible.

(*End of the Second Lesson.*)

A Spring Flower.

Sweet Hyacinth of purest purple hue,
Peeping so slowly from your shrouding sheath
Of circled leaves, in strong and sturdy wreath,
As though you feared a world you one time knew:
Did you, unformed at heart of bulb—that drew
In wondrous ways its nurture, deep beneath
The earth—remember how the bitter teeth
Of frost last year had killed your waking blue?

Oh little plant! forgetful of the Sun
As I forgetful of God's Hopes—that run
In my quick veins and thine—no life may lay
Its gifts upon death's alter ere the Day
That holds its Best is ready! Love is wise
And Love must ope anew life's failing eyes.

—Irven.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIVING ONE.

At the risk of being guilty of wearisome repetition, I must here re-state some of the things which have gone before. I want you to have them fresh in your mind, so that you will fully grasp the arguments which follow, for the point is one which is rather difficult to state. Life is a force, a form of energy, as truly as heat and electricity are forms of energy. That which performs work is force, or energy. There is no distinction to be made between the life of the body and its work-power. Life *is* work-power. The work-power of the body is not drawn from the food consumed; this we have proved by the following facts:

1. The anatomical structure of the body, which proves that the brain, not the stomach, is the power-plant of the organism.

2. The phenomena of sleep prove that the brain is charged with work-power during the period of sleep.

3. It is a mechanical impossibility that the enormous amount of work-power displayed by the body should be in the food consumed. A handful of rice cannot possibly furnish power to carry two hundred pounds over twenty miles of rocky ground.

4. People can fast, if properly instructed, from twenty to sixty days without material loss of strength. This would be impossible if the work-power was drawn from the daily food.

5. In death by starvation the brain loses no weight. Nature preserves the power-plant intact until the last.

6. The accession of strength felt after eating must come from the brain. It cannot come from the food, which is still an undigested mass in the stomach.

7. In severe sickness Nature always takes away the appetite; proving that the digestion of food is work; a tax on strength, and not a source of strength.

8. All the other phenomena of life point us irresistibly to the conclusion that food is merely raw material, to be used in building up the body; and that it is used by an energy which is stored up in the brain during sleep.

Now, as a form of energy, life presents one peculiar characteristic; it seems to be an exception to the law of the correlation of forces. Heat, light, and electricity are convertible, each into the others; but none of them, so far as we know, is convertible into life. Every living thing came from a germ, which contained part of a preceding life, and contained it as life, and not as something else to be converted into life. Life only comes from life; we cannot originate, generate or create it as we do electricity, by changing or combining other forces. It does not appear, so far as our observation goes, that there was ever any new life, or that life has ever come into existence where there was none before. We, with all our wisdom, skill and science, can only watch life reproduce itself; we cannot originate it.

It is the work-power of the life in the seed germ which produces the organism. It is the function of life to produce organisms. The life in the seed produces the plant; the plant does not produce the life. Life is not a result of organization, but is the cause of it. Living organisms are not machines which generate life; they are machines which are built and operated by life. Life is not the result of functional action, because it is the cause of functional action; it cannot be at once the effect and the

cause. The external work of the body, as I have shown in a preceding chapter, cannot possibly be performed by power which is generated by its internal work; for the power which does both the internal and the external work is one and the same. There is no difference between the power which does muscular work and that which operates the heart, liver and stomach. It is all one, and comes from one source. It is, therefore, an absurdity to say that the work-power of the body is the result of the performance of its internal digestive or other functions.

Life is the cause of all function, including the digestion of food, and cannot be the result of that which it causes. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that the body receives its power from some external source. It certainly expends energy, we have seen that it does not and cannot generate this energy; it must, occasionally be charged anew. And when we witness the phenomena of sleep we conclude that we are witnessing the vitalizing process; the sleeping organism is being charged with power.

But where does the power come from? Oxygen, as we have seen, is necessary to the charging process, but oxygen is not life. It is a chemical element indispensable to functional action, and to the operations of vital power, but it is not life. Nor does it appear that there is any possible combination or recombination of the elements of the atmosphere with those of the body which can produce life. For if life be drawn by chemical processes from atmospheric air, it can only be done by internal functional processes, and we have seen that it is a mechanical impossibility that life should be the result of functional action. It is as impossible that the body should manufacture life out of air as that it should manufacture it out of food. All the arguments which I have used in the one case will apply in the other. If vital power cannot be received by the body in the form of potential energy in food, and converted into life by functional action, then it cannot be received in the form of electrical or other energy from the atmosphere, and converted into work power by functional action. It must, therefore, be received directly as vital power, for the body is not a generator or transformer of energy. When the body receives life it must receive life; it cannot receive something else which is to be converted into life, for this would make life to be its own creator, the effect becoming its own cause.

Therefore, life is not drawn from the atmosphere, for the atmosphere is a compound of dead gases. It is not drawn from the earth, for the earth is dead mineral, vegetable and animal matter. There are forms of potential and kinetic energy in both earth and air-heat and electricity, for instance—but as I have shown you, these are not life, and it is not mechanically possible for the body to convert them into life. If there is life in the air it must be there as life, and not as something else; and it must *be in* the air, *not of* the air. If there is vital power in the earth, it must be there as life, and not as some other form of force; it must be a force separate and distinct from all other forces, and not an inherent property of matter. For, if life were inherent in all matter, death and disintegration would be impossible. The body without the spirit would not be dead, but just as much alive as ever. We cannot escape the conclusion that vital power, or life, is seen by us only in the bodies of living organisms; whatever forces we see in dead matter are not alive, nor capable of being alive; for we receive life, not something else. If vital power is present in our material environment it is there as a living force—a living presence, a life,—not as a dead material force, which we must convert into life in order to live.

There is one other supposition which we must consider briefly here, which is that life comes from the sun. This idea probably originated from observing the phenomena of the seasons; the forthputting of life in the spring, when the sun's rays penetrate air and soil, creating the right chemical conditions for the building of organisms by life. There

is no evidence, however, that the life of the spring time comes from the sun. A certain amount of heat is necessary to the constructive processes of vital power, but heat in excess is destructive to all the work of life. Life does not come from fire, or work in fire, or with fire; and the sun, so far as we know, is pure fire. It is unthinkable that there should be life on, or in the sun. And, so far as the facts go, life only comes from life. If there are no germs of life in the sun, then reasoning from the facts of life as I see them, I cannot accept the theory that life comes from a body where there is no life.

Whence, then, does life come? I do not know. I can only say with Swedenborg that there appears to be an inflow of life into the world, which is received by all living things according to their forms; or I can say with St. Paul that there is a Living One, in whom we live and move, and whose offspring we are. But this I know by all the laws of force, that we must get our life from a living force which surrounds us. There is no escaping this conclusion. It is mechanically impossible that we should generate life, or that we should convert some other force into it; we receive it as life, and we receive it *from* life.

Words and Health.

By William E. Towne.

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—*St. Matthews.*

Words are a power.

They constitute a focussing point for creative energy.

When we say, "I will do this thing," or "I will do that thing," our energy follows our words.

A distinct effect is produced upon our brain area by each spoken word.

Strong words build up. Weak words tend towards disintegration.

Too many words exhaust. Too few words may arrest development.

We are forever being judged, according to our words, by the unchanging, eternal laws of the universe.

We are justifying or condemning ourselves by our words, every day of our lives.

If we throw into the universal vibrations words that are false, weak, unkind, we reap a vibratory harvest which exactly corresponds with our sowing.

If we say, "I feel sick," we help set in motion the inharmonious vibrations of sickness and put ourselves in touch with the world-thought of sickness. If we do not put much energy or feeling into our words, the sickness may soon pass. If we repeat the statement and yield to the feeling day after day, we come more and more to manifest the condition in our lives.

So many of our *Nautilus* friends say, "I cannot control my thoughts. My mind wanders all over."

If you will pay a little attention to *controlling your words,* you will find it will be a great help in gaining control of your thoughts.

Your words form a focussing point around which your thought energy gathers.

If you allow yourself to indulge in scatter brained talk, you are going to develop a scatter brained mind.

For the great, eternal law of justice, of absolute equity, is quietly, silently working to bring you the *fruit* of your sowing. Speaking words is a form of planting or sowing.

You all know how quickly an ill-natured, sarcastic or fault-finding word will bring out in others that which corresponds to itself. An entire family may soon come under the influence of the vibrations of discord through the thoughtless utterances of one member.

And on the other hand, the determined, persistent speaking of only such words as cheer or help—good-natured words that make for harmony—by one member of a family will often gradually bring all the others under a "spell" of brightness and good will, so that harmony will become prevalent instead of being the exception.

The spoken word is a step nearer the plane of action, a step nearer to the plane of realization than the thought.

The word is a crystallization or precipitation of the thought.

The spoken word is strong in proportion to the amount of feeling you put into it. If you spill words on all sides in a reckless manner, with no thought as to whether they are true words or good words, representing the things you deeply desire, then of course you exhaust your reservoir of creative energy and your words lose their weight. Your energy is then like water that spreads out and runs very shallow.

It will pay to be a little more saving of your words, and to think a little more about their use. Let them spring spontaneously from your deep desires, but let them not go out without the power of positive thought back of them.

Thought-less words are mischief creators. They are like a derelict vessel at sea—not going anywhere, and a possible menace to whatever they come in contact with.

To talk "for the sake of talking," because you think it is "good form" to entertain your friends, is silly and unprofitable, unless your desire is strong enough to enable you to put interest and energy into your words. I am reminded in this connection of a visit which Emerson once enjoyed with a friend of his, and during which neither of them spoke a word for the major part of a day.

Uncontrolled speech leads to uncontrolled acts, and to results which are beyond control. If you say to yourself, "this kind of food never agrees with me," you immediately begin to tighten up the muscles and walls of the stomach, so that the food cannot be properly assimilated, and in spite of nature's efforts you resist so strenuously that the food "lies heavy." You say it "disagrees" with you. In truth it is you who disagrees with *it*. The only way to straighten matters out is for you to *dig up by the roots* your former statements of error, and revise them in accordance with the truth, and with that condition which you desire to realize.

We are enslaved by words, and it is by words that we shall finally become free.

The race words of death, disease, old age, etc., have hypnotized us until their vibrations are well-nigh all powerful, and seemingly beyond our control.

But if we set up the words of perpetual youth, eternal life, omnipresent love and the like, we shall soon get free from the hypnotic power of these race words. We shall get out of their vibratory currents and find ourselves able, to some extent, to control the deleterious action of such currents upon ourselves.

"Order is heaven's first law," and to realize harmony, which is health and success, there must first be some sort of order established in our thinking and speaking.

A Meditation for House-Cleaning Time.

"Search me and see if there be any evil way in me."

I open all the doors and windows of my being to the cleansing and refreshing of the Divine Breath.

I search for and cast out all outworn prejudices, all musty accumulations of false ideas, all uncharitableness, together with jealousies, great and small, hatefulness, strife, evil ambitions, covetousness and the carping, critical spirit which loves to speak evil of my neighbor.

I invite the blazing rays of the Sun of Righteousness to penetrate all dark corners, all hidden recesses, all unplummeted depths within me. I beat out and dissipate to the winds of heaven all dust of falsehood and error, both that which I see and that which lurks beneath the surface of things.

I wash and feel myself to be cleansed in the abundant water of Life. I am refreshed, purified, made whole and beautiful. I dwell at peace in a clean house, "thoroughly furnished to all good works."

—Florence Morse Kingsley.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XVII.

Mercury and the Activities of the Sushuma.

"Hermes, as the messenger of God, reveals to us His paternal will, and—developing in us intuition—imparts to us knowledge. The knowledge which descends into the soul from above, excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the intellect."

This quotation from the Neoplatonist Proclus is a most fitting introduction to our study of the influence of the planet Mercury — called by the Greeks, "Hermes"—upon human life, for by the illuminating light of the *Tattvic* Law we are able to remove the statement from the realm of "mere speculation," to which it has been indulgently relegated for centuries, and to feel convinced of the intuitional truth embodied in the ancient Greek thought.

All scientific data concerning the planet Mercury as well as the fables and ancient myths connecting planet and god are strictly in harmony with what I believe to be Mercury's activities and influences, whether heavenly or terrestrial.

Briefly reviewing the first mentioned, we learn that as a stellar body Mercury is exceptional in many ways, and has always baffled the astronomer in his efforts to obtain accurate data concerning its constitution and environment. It is the smallest planet in diameter but the swiftest in motion; has the least mass but the greatest density, being two and one-fourth times denser than the earth, and only slightly less dense than the metal mercury; is nearest to the sun and has the most eccentric orbit. As seen from the sun, Mercury passes through one constellation of the zodiac in a fraction over seven days, completing the circuit of the Zodiac in eighty-eight days; and as seen from the earth it makes three complete circuits of the sun in three hundred and forty-eight days. Also from our point of view, the planet is usually in the same constellation with the sun, and is never farther away than a nearby sign.

The astronomer considers it more than doubtful if Mercury has any atmosphere, and it has no satellite. When it can be observed in the same telescopic field with Venus, it's totally different constitution is plainly betrayed by its markedly lower *Albedo,* or reflecting power; for Mercury appears as zinc or lead contrasted with the dazzling silver-white radiance of Venus.

Now, I should like you to remember, in this connection, that wherever or whenever the *Apas Tattva*—most prevalent in Venus—can be isolated, it is recognized by its glistening silvery whiteness. It is said to impart a silvery edge to the human aura.

I wish I knew how many of my readers could answer the question: What are the three principal *Nadis* in the physical body? Those who cannot would better re-read Chapter XII. in *Nautilus* for November, 1906, and fix firmly in their minds the names and offices of "the great main reservoir and conduits of life force."

You will understand perfectly then that the *Pingala,* on the right side of the spine, is the conduit of the solar current (positive), and the *Ida,* on the left side, of the lunar current (negative); and, therefore, these *Nadis* correspond respectively with the sun and the moon and are influenced by their activities. With what does the Sushumna, in which the two currents meet, correspond?

In our study of planetary relations and influences, we have traced the correspondence of the organic activities in the human body with the whole solar system, and the truth of the old Greek aphorism, "As it is above so it is below," has been made to us a living reality. "When once your attention is drawn to the fact, you will constantly come upon proof that to many ancient peoples this was a familiar truth. Bacon says the ancients styled man, "a little world in himself." Now, the correspondence of the constellations of the Zodiac and the planets with all the organs of the human body through *its nervous system* is but the microcosmic reflection of the vast system of Cosmic vibrations. Therefore, in the solar system we must find the Cosmis *Sushumna* in which the solar and lunar currents meet.

In the progress of the human soul, in its evolution, its growth and development, there is nothing more important than the office of the *Sushumna.* Consequently it is inconceivable that it has not a Cosmic prototype of equal importance to the solar system. The identification of Mercury as the *Sushumna* of the macrocosm makes perfectly clear and comprehensible all the dignities, attributes, and influences which legend and fable have conferred upon the planet, both actually and symbolically; and explains many of the characteristics that have puzzled the astronomer. No other planet possesses any attributes that connect it with the office of the *Sushumna.*

Again giving precedence to known facts, our first clue is that Mercury is in the closest cosmical relation to the sun. Indeed, so close is it that only the patient observer who keeps in touch with the movements of the planet and knows when and where to look for it ever sees it. There is a tradition that the eyes of Copernicus were never gratified by the sight of this swift solar attendant. In the latitude of New York and neighboring states, for about a fortnight during its greatest Eastern elongation from the sun, Mercury can be seen in the early twilight just before its setting, and for a like period when the planet is West of the sun, rising before the orb of day, it can be seen in the early dawn. During the first weeks of December, 1906, Mercury was a morning star, and was seen in close companionship with Venus. The neighboring planets were in Scorpio, and only two signs to the Southwest, in Virgo, the crescent of the waning moon was in conjunction with Mars. The spectacle was unforgetably beautiful,—worth many early risings to enjoy.

It was a reminder, also, that both esoterically and astrologically, Mercury and Venus are considered spiritual affinities, while Mars and Saturn are thought to have as close a physical sympathy. This latter may be beneficial or harmful according as the physical is kept under subjection and subordinated to its divinely planned office as a perfectly fitted vehicle for the soul's activities, or is given free rein and stifles all higher interests.

(*Conclusion of Chapter XVII in June Number.*)

"Make sure that thou shalt have no fault with thyself and thou art inaccessible to unhappiness. Such is the maxim of Fichte that strikes us like the clarion of an angel."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What Mind Is Made Of.

EDGAR L. LARKIN.

Send your mind over just now to the Cavendish laboratory in England and watch the wonderful men at work there with scarcely any rest. First, you would try to analyze your own mind and then you would try to peer into theirs to see if you could understand what they were doing.

DIRECTIVITY.

Human speech contains no more impressive, no more majestic word. It means that corpuscles know what to do, when to act and where to go! That is they possess knowledge and will. Humanity has not evolved a greater thought than this, the modern idea of volition in primordial electrical corpuscles. These corpuscles are the inconceivably powerful workers, carriers and builders. They build matter and tear it apart, they "forever" make and unmake the entire visible and far greater invisible universe.

Here is another mind: Mind is made of corpuscles, or corpuscles contain mind; or are the cause of mind. See how I am groping around; I do not know that this is true, but believe it with intense conviction. How believe without facts?—millions do in religion. But late researches in the brain where platinum electrodes are thrust into its mass and connected by wire to a galvanometer, followed by instant movements of the needle have convinced me that electricity exists in the brain. Call this entire note speculation, and not scientific, if you wish; I admit that portions are speculative, but they rest on a wonderful foundation. You go watch Professors J. J. Thompson, William Ramsay, Lorentz, Becquerel, Lenard, Schuster, Crookes and all those genii, the German and French higher order of electrical investigators, and then just think. Yes, keep thinking. And then watch the mental laboratories where they study mind, and physiological wonders. Then think some more. Every corpuscle oscillates with a speed that crushes the mind to try to think about the unthinkable velocity. The swings, revolutions, vibrations and oscillations of corpuscles cause gravitation, heat, light, ordinary electric phenomena, and magnetic, sound, feeling, tasting, smelling, seeing, life, consciousness, mind, thought and every other entity known and yet unknown. No thing exists but corpuscles. The world record breaking researches of Arrhenius teach that corpuscles circulate from sun to sun and make the universe eternal. Now why not say that they move from mind to mind. I will say it and do here and now, and abide by the consequences. Supernal splendors of the twentieth century. It will be known as the first mental century. Historians will record it as the first century paying attention to mind. One would think that in an astronomical observatory among the thousands of letters received, a majority would be about astronomy. Not so at this, the majority are on mental subjects, and very lately on Eugenics, race culture, mental expansion and the like. This is the seventh year of the century and I am in a position to assert that the entire century is well started on the mental way. I assert that mental wonders are coming. I feel their sweet influence as it were surging against this mountain.

Dear "*Nautilus* one," why will you not see the coming mental expansion? I know that some wonderful advance in mentalism is almost here, one or many that will modify the career of man. I receive letters from accomplished men and brilliant women on the most recondite mental subjects; and mysterious letters from India and Australia. The "World's aflame." Stand clear, ninety per cent of all we have cherished for thousands of years, will soon fall into colossal ruin. Splendors beyond imagination will rise when prehistoric horrors are cast out of the modern mind; when the hideous incubus vanishes, of dragons imagined by cave-dwellers in the night without artificial light surrounded by snakes and snarling animals.

You can do wonders when attuned.

Corpuscles wield colossal power. One grain of radium bromide contains a force beyond the imagination. The brain sends out corpuscles. The twentieth century problem is to find how to use them. Why should identical corpuscles from radium and the brain not possess the same or equal power? It is now known that we cannot be ill in mind or body if we are in harmonic conditions with the oscillations of the universe. Every drug and medicine must and will go. Antiseptic surgery and painless will remain—the pain being annihilated by the actions of mind on mind—not chloroform. I predict that before this century closes, mind will be shown to be the most formidable and potent power in nature. Nature for some reason denies phenomena to me; but a true friend in Australia writes that he has seen matter moved by mind. I thought at once, that he was hypnotized and deceived by a professional swindler; but he is so cautious, so intellectual, so powerful, that this seems to be an untenable theory. I do not dare to say that matter has been moved by mind for fear of a storm of ridicule. But if one grain of matter has been made to move by the human mind then the most stupendous things are almost here. Events will happen so far beyond anything we can now think about, that men will in the future look back upon us as savage, fighting, meat-devouring cannibals. Cannot the reader see that if the mind can oscillate at the rates used by Nature, almost everything is possible? Why! Some law will be discovered during this century that will make all human wisdom at present look like minute by-laws. Here are four bedrock statements:

1. The human mind is illimitable.
2. It can be expanded to any desired high estate.
3. The process consists of making mind rates oscillate in exact harmony with Nature's rates.
4. Every method that can be employed in tuning is in our own hands; and we are sole arbiters of our own careers. Minute by minute, hour by hour, the most intense study, research and experiment now go on. Judging by the brilliant discoveries made during the last six years, and during the last one year, it seems impossible to believe that this century will vanish into past duration without finding out how to make our minds beat with nature's rates. Then humanity will be transformed. In the April *Nautilus*, I will give a number of rates so far detected by science. Upon my word, the car is coming up the incline railway. I must go and get a barrel of letters.—Lowe Observatory, Echo Mt. Cal., February 5, '07.

In the Silence one day I found this: All we send out returns to us ten fold. If we send out Hate, she returns bringing with her all her evil followers, and they make our life all the Hell we need. But if we send out Love, she returns with her train, and fills our hearts to overflowing with such an abundance of Joy, Peace and Plenty that our hearts and lives become a Heaven on earth, giving us a fore-taste of joys to come. Which are you sending out?

—L. May Dean.

The Nervous System of Jesus.

By Salvarona.

Chapter VI.

Mental forces diminish with distance from nervous forces. I therefore assume an hypothesis of Central Nervous Forces, of brain-center machines of nerve matter, around whose centers of forces, groups of molecules and tissues automatically describe their paths of motion, and varying velocities of vibration. To compound thought-force with nerve-force so as to make them capable of being voluntarily used, in contracting and expanding the muscles of the eye and arm of Jesus, as he looked on the leper and touched him, was a work, therefore, effected through the corpora striata of the brain of Jesus. In these inner nerve centers of the brain, the forms of some elements of mental or psychological force, are capable of compounding themselves with the molecules of the nervous forces; and, therefore, of re-directing and changing the directions of the motions of the molecules of our tissues. Of course I take for granted the possibility of the cure of the leper by a mental therapeutic act; as the greater faith the greater the psychological reflex action in re-directing and changing the unhealthy directions of the motions of the molecules of his tissues. But the point made by me, is that the cure was made possible, other things equal, because the whole voluntary nervous system of Jesus was acting under the psychological direction of the motions of his Central Nervous Forces. First, there was the involving of the light rays of the chemical picture on the retina of the eye of Jesus of the form of the lepers by the speed of the motion of his visual nervous force. His retina answering, in its nervous motions, to light waves of 757 billions a second. Then came the constructive inner nervous motions, of the nervous forces of the inner optical nerve centers of the brain of Jesus; resulting in the transformation (of the duplicate of the chemical picture of the leper formed by the light on his retina) into a mental or psychological picture of the man. Next followed a direction of the motions of the nervous forces regulating the muscles turning the eyeballs of Jesus, these obeying the same law of order or nervous motion in connection with the inner visual nerve centers in the brain, that the motion of the nervous forces of these visual nerve centers obeyed in reference to the directing psychological force of his Compassionate Will. Then came the psychological direction of the motions of the nervous force directing the molecules of the extensor muscle of his arm, as he stretched out his arm and touched the leper; a touch, which, assuming an average sensitiveness, would be such that he could detect, when he touched the leper, a pressure of .005 to .015 gramme, the motions of the nervous forces in the tips of the fingers of Jesus being so sure and delicate as to give accuracy to every twenty-four touch corpuscles in a length of ten mm. The result was to bring the whole number of the inner organs, forces and motions of the brain, and the outer nervous organs (of the senses and their muscles as the satellites of these inner organs) under the laws of the directive motions of the Central Nervous Forces of the Nervous System of Jesus. The motions of his nervous force, which acting as a vital motor energy, therefore, automatically created, at the dictation of His Compassionate Will, the voluntary direction of his muscles; according to the laws of his central nervous forces. However, the fundamental law of the nervous

system, and the deeper one on which the law of the Central Nervous Forces is based is the following: As the purpose of the motions of a nervous force is to direct the motions of the molecules of the tissues with which they come in contact, (as the functions of the tissues vary), therefore, the nature of the functions of the motions of nervous forces vary. Thus, there are a class of tissues, nerve organs, nervous forces and nervous motions, wholly concerned with bringing in classes of raw material from the outside world in to the avenues of the senses, the mind and the body. These I call Central Nervous Forces of Involution. The second class is wholly occupied with separating these raw materials into their elements. These are Central Nervous Forces of Dissolution. The third class is entirely employed with the reconstruction of these elements into new forms. This last class I call Central Nervous Forces of Evolution. I am assuming that Jesus possessed the average nervous force of the Palestinian, European and American Hebrew. Therefore, the amount of nervous forces (motor) evolved through cardiac plexus of the heart of Jesus, keeping that organ in motion every twenty-four hours would equal 627,768 foot-pounds. To do physiological work a nervous force must prove its power to overcome physiological resistances by turning the form, motion and force of resistance, into the nature of its own forces, motions and forms. The work of any nervous force is measured by the magnitude and varied classes of forms and forces transformed by it. Looked at from one standpoint, the nervous force evolved within the body of Jesus in one day could lift him up through the air to twice the height of the tallest mountain in Palestine.

(To be continued.)

A Mistress of Circumstances.

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

"No, I'm not sick," said Mrs. Atwood in response to Mrs. Tomlinson's solicitous inquiry, as she ushered her into my cozy sitting room. "I'm not even troubled with the belief in sickness. I am just tired, dead tired.

"I tell you, New Thought is all right, of course, but there are times when it doesn't seem to apply. Now, what good did it do me when I received word day before yesterday that my husband's brother and his wife were coming to stop off for a day with us on their way to New York? Here I was, without a girl, my house dirty from top to bottom, not a thing baked for company. What good would meditations and affirmations have done me, even if I'd had time for them?"

"It's quite evident that the New Thought didn't help you very much this time. But do you really think it was because the New Thought couldn't, or because you didn't give it an opportunity?"

"How could it do me any good? Here was the work to be done, and I was the only person to do it. I sent out to try to get help, but there wasn't a person I could find to come and do the work for me. I just had to clean this house and do a week's baking all in one day, and I was so tired when the company came that I didn't know whether I was saying 'How do you do' or 'Good bye.' I'd never met John's wife before, and I am sure that she must think that I'm a perfect idiot. If she had known how my bones ached, she wouldn't have wondered at the incoherency of my remarks."

Mrs. Tomlinson's smile was one of comprehension and sympathy, as she said: "I know just how you felt, but, at the same time, I do think the New Thought might have helped you if you had given it a chance."

"How?" demanded her friend argumentatively.

"Let me tell you a little experience of my own which will, I think, make clear to you what I have in mind.

"Last winter when we had that church affair I was so busy helping with that, that I neglected my housework for practically the whole week. When the Bazaar was finally over, I was so tired that it seemed to me that I could hardly exist another minute. I was more tired, in fact, than any woman has a right to allow herself to become. I was kept up late the last night and went to bed at midnight with a raging headache.

"Mr. Tomlinson knew how tired I was and said, like his own thoughtful self, 'Now don't you get up tomorrow morning. I'll get breakfast for father and me, and you just stay in bed until you are thoroughly rested.' This was a delightful prospect and I went comfortably to sleep.

"The next morning, however, on the first mail came a letter from my old college chum telling me that she and her husband would reach our little town that afternoon, and would come to take tea and spend the night with me. I groaned audibly at this, for I knew there was not a thing in the house cooked to eat, and the rooms—what a condition they were in! I knew Helen was a spotless housekeeper, and I also surmised that she had, at the time of my marriage, some doubt as to my ability to come up to her ideal of a home-maker. I must get up and have everything in perfect condition before she could have an opportunity to measure my shortcomings. The whole pleasure of her visit was lost in the thought of the work it would entail.

"With a martyr air I rose and dressed myself, and started in under a nervous tension on my stupendous undertaking. With strained energy I mixed some brown bread and put that in the steamer, and then started in to straighten up the kitchen. The longer I worked, the more my head ached, until it seemed to me that my skull must burst. By ten o'clock I could scarcely stand up. What was I to do? Here was dinner to get for my husband and father, the whole house to clean and the rest of my evening meal to prepare. I felt overwhelmed, not knowing which way to turn. I thought rather sarcastically of some of the beautiful theories that I had evolved since coming into the New Thought, but even as I prepared to throw them all over as unequal to the situation this thought flashed into my mind. 'I ought to be mistress of this situation. Why should I let my work drive me? It's my place to control my circumstances,—and I intend to do it.'

"Upon that resolve I acted. The first thing to be done was to cure my headache. I went to my bedroom, locked the door and settled myself comfortably in my easy chair. I paid no attention to doorbell or telephone, but for two hours gave myself up to the work in hand. First I trustfully declared my oneness with the Infinite source of health and strength. I tried to realize the power of the Spirit working within me, centering my thought upon the solar plexus, the spinal cord and the whole nervous system. I declared that every atom of my being was permeated and harmonized by this ever-present all-powerful Spirit within. Then I waited quietly for the result to become manifest. In half an hour my headache began to feel better, and I thereupon laid down and went to sleep.

"When the two hungry men came home at noon, I was well and strong

once more—but there was no dinner. I explained the situation, however, and while father went to the baker's for bread, my husband helped me put on the table our simple lunch of bread and milk, shredded wheat biscuit, jam and raw apples.

"It didn't take long to wash the dishes for such a simple meal, and after that was done I went joyously to work to put my house in order.

"Now, I believe one reason why my work tired me so in the morning was because I was rebelling against it all the time. It seemed to me to be an imposition, and I resented it. I was working across the currents, as it were. Now, however, I had put myself into harmony with the Universal Spirit and was finding happiness in my work, which meant that it was hardly tiring me at all.

"I had also made up my mind that it was possible to eliminate a good deal of what had at first seemed to me absolutely essential. So I swept our guest room and parlor and dining room with the carpet sweeper, and carefully dusted every spot where the dust might show. Then I got out my nicest linen, silver and china, telephoned to the florist for a pretty, inexpensive pot of flowers, and set myself to the delightful task of transforming my table into a thing of beauty.

"In the meantime, my thoughts had been busy with the menu for my evening meal. I decided to make it just as simple as possible in order to economize my time and strength. I decided it would be better to give my guests beautiful things to look at, pleasant things to hear, and a sincere cordial welcome than to seat them at a table loaded with delicacies, but presided over by a weary and therefore ungracious hostess.

"Would you like to know what I gave my guests? We had salmon, creamed potatoes, brown bread and butter, jelly, chocolate, canned peaches and Nabisco wafers,—not a very elaborate company supper, but because of its simplicity I was able to find time after arraying myself in a simple white dress to read the current events in the last number of our weekly periodical. My college days had taught me that a man is always pleased when a woman can talk intelligently on the topics in which he is interested, and I wanted to make a good impression on Helen's husband as well as on Helen herself.

"We had a delightful visit, our conversation at supper covered a broad range of topics, and so engaged our attention that I am sure no one felt any lack in the repast spread before them. After supper we sang college songs, and then I played on the piano, which I couldn't have done had I been all worn out with my day's labors. In other words, we had a perfectly delightful time and I enjoyed it as much as any one.

"This experience taught me two important lessons which I am glad to pass on to you. The first one is that when I feel sick, it will save me time if I will give myself a treatment at once, instead of simply trying to sleep it off. Secondly, there are always a certain number of things which it is my inclination to say must be done today, but which can be omitted. The wise woman is the one who discovers what these unnecessary items are, and calmly eliminates them."

Mrs. Atwood gazed at her friend a little doubtedly. "I don't believe I dare ask my husband to sit down to such a meal as the dinner you describe," she said.

Mrs. Tomlinson laughed. "My dear," was her reply, "your husband is not nearly as much a slave of his stomach as you consider him to be. Just try him next time, explain the situation to him, and see if he wouldn't prefer such a meal, with you rested and cheerful, than a more elaborate one which would leave you tired and possibly a little cross. I'll tell you, we women half the time don't give our husbands a chance to show what kind of stuff they are made of. We take it for granted they must have a lot of fussy cooking, when with a little encouragement from us they'd prove themselves to be superior to such petty details and quite as happy with simple fare as with more elaborate dishes. Just take my advice and try it,—but above all I wish that you and I and every other woman could rise to a working belief in that affirmation of mine, 'I am mistress of my circumstances.'"

Great Northern Depot, Seattle.

New Thought in the Queen City of the Pacific.

By Olive Verne Rich.

It is with great pleasure that I respond to the request of the editor of "Nautilus" to give to its world-wide readers an account of the status of new thought in Seattle, the beautiful Queen City of the Pacific coast.

Rome was said to have been built on seven hills, but Seattle is built on about seventeen hills, between Puget Sound on the west, and Lake Washington on the east, the distance at the narrowest place being three miles. The extent north and south being at present about six miles, with suburbs yet to come in to make Greater Seattle.

We are decidedly up to date in the investigation of new thought, as well as other new things. We have passed the "wild and woolly" stage, and seem to be a constant surprise to people from the Far East.

When listening to the comments of some Eastern folks concerning people and things here, I am reminded of what I heard a colporteur say some thirty-five years ago in a town on the Mississippi river. In his prayer he thanked God that "here on the very verge of civilization he found schools and churches." Some of us thought that by the time he reached Denver and San Francisco whither he was bound, he would discover that the Mississippi river was some distance east of "the very verge of civilization."

While we *are* at the jumping off place as regards land, there is an abundance of everything pertaining to culture, advanced education and business acumen.

In a city of two hundred thousand people, as Seattle is now listed, there is room for a great diversity of sects, and that ambiguous something called new thought is represented in almost, if not quite every phase.

In my search after beginnings, I find that the first departure from "old thought" in this place was manifested through what is called spiritualism. There was an organization as long as thirty years ago, and they have carried on their meetings continuously since that time.

The First Spiritualist Society, of which Mr. Walter A. Hall has been president for two years, hold their meetings in K. of P. hall, which seats something over two hundred, and is always full to overflowing. This society is called the strongest one of the cult on the Pacific coast. They are exceedingly liberal and some of the finest speakers in the country are heard from their platform. They contemplate building a church in the near future.

There is also the Seattle Psychic Society, of which Mr. R. F. Little is president. He is one of the oldest of their workers on this coast, and has been national and state president of the Spiritual Association.

Rev. Helen Rice-Burleigh is pastor of this flock. For some years she did personal work on varied lines, but about two years ago she started this organization with forty-nine charter members, and at present they number seventy. They have an average Sunday afternoon attendance of two hundred.

Another branch is the Bible Spiritual Science Society, of which Mr. L. B. L. Foster is president, and Mrs. L. Nagell Foster, pastor. Mrs. Foster was the first lady on this coast to be ordained pastor by the state and national association, and was for some years pastor of the Church of the Soul, but has since become affiliated with the Oregon State Bible Spiritual Association, with headquarters at Portland, Oregon. They have one hundred and fifty-four members, holding Sunday afternoon and evening meetings in a hall seating two hundred and fifty, and frequently more come than can be accommodated. It is in-

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Bible Spiritual Science Society.

teresting to know that one of their basic principles is "no mud slinging by the members." This is forcible if not elegant, and well followed will lead to peace and harmony. They purpose soon to open a Home for Liberals which means a platform where any speaker can present truth in the form which appeals to him, without cost to himself or his listeners.

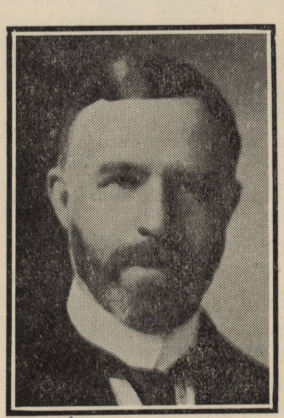
The sect calling themselves Christian Scientists are numerous and have held some sort of services here for sixteen years, Mrs. E. J. Webber, now passed to the other side, being one of the first practitioners in the true science. Some years ago they formed a church organization with eighteen charter members, and have increased to nearly three hundred. They have built a very neat little church, and have an average attendance of five hundred at their Sunday services, fully one-half being men, both old and young, and nearly as many at their mid-week evening services. This seems marvellous to those who remember the usual orthodox weekly prayer meeting with its few old men and mostly women, and its chilly, complaining atmosphere. It must certainly be very gratifying to them as a sect. They have recently bought a lot in one of the fashionable residence districts, and intend soon to erect thereon a church. At the present time their first reader is Mrs. Edith Alexander, and the second is Mr. W. K. Sheldon, both of whom are healers.

Theosophy, although probably the oldest manifestation of higher thought of which we have any knowledge, is now classed with new thought societies. It has had a home in Seattle for about eighteen years, organization dating from 1890. Rev. Dr. Copeland was teaching in Tacoma some little time previous, and two of his pupils came to Seattle, gathering to their standard those who were ready, formed the nucleus of what is now the Theosophical Society, familiarly known as the T. S. The membership is about eighty at the present time. Many have come and gone, so the number is no criterion of their whole number since the beginning.

Mr. Thomas A. Barnes has been their very able president for ten years, and their public propaganda meetings are held on Sunday evening and Wednesday evening; always attended by a goodly number of listeners.

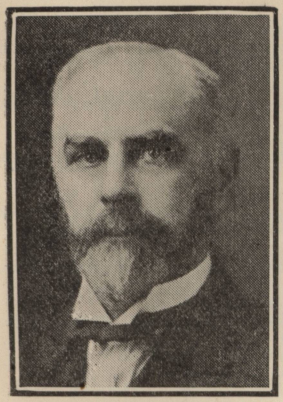
There is another Theosophical organization called the T. S. of America who hold their meetings on Sunday evening, Mr. Clark being their president. They are doing good work, and many fine lectures are heard there.

Five years ago George Leitch of San Francisco, and W. F. Richardson of Seattle established a branch of a Theosophical organization called the Temple, with headquarters at Syracuse, which have since been moved to Oceano, Cal., where they are doing practical work along brotherhood lines in establishing a consumptive home for both those able and unable to pay, hoping to do away with some of the suffering of those who go to that warm climate to regain health. This student class is small and makes very little effort to get members, believing "their own will come to them" when they are ready. Dr. W. F. Herdman and Dr. H. B. P. Burry have been persistent promoters of this line of work. Mrs. O. V. Roe is at present chief officer of the "Open Square," and their meetings are held on Friday evening of each week.



Thomas A. Barnes.

The new thought people along the lines of mental science have held meetings continuously for twelve years, under the names of Mental Science, Truth Seekers and Scientific Religion, and now under the very comprehensive name of New Thought, but always under the same banner of free speech and tolerance. At the present time Mr. W. F. Richardson is presi-



W. F. Richardson.

dent of the organization, and from their platform every Sunday morning may be heard both men and women giving utterance to their own views of the great truth that "as a man thinketh, so is he." Telling how a recognition of the "I" within has brought them from misery and degradation to the heights where the sunshine of happiness beams. The audiences vary from fifty to one hundred, but everyone knows that there is one place where they can express themselves without any "strings" or criticism.

They have recently re-established their Saturday evening meetings, which they adjourn through the summer months, on account of the counter attraction of our long, beautiful summer evenings.

They have no organization in the accepted sense of the word, but have a president, and the business is done by vote of the members present, and the fact that one is inside the door makes one a member for the time. Very high-class lectures are frequently given on scientific subjects by those well qualified to speak.

About ten miles southeast of Seattle on Lake Washington is Bryn Mawr, where Professor M. F. Knox has located a mental science college. For some years until September, 1905, his school terms were held in Seattle.

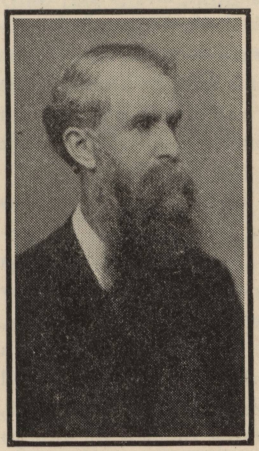
At that time they purchased thirty-five acres on the lake shore, and among other improvements have built a very attractive temporary college building, designing in the future to build one worthy of the cause they advocate. The college grounds contain ten acres and are being laid out and ornamented in a suitable manner.

The Mental Science Industrial Association, of which Prof. Knox is also president, is operating an extensive general store, and propose later to build and operate mills, and promote many industries, all of which will be co-operative. About thirty-five students live on the grounds and own their homes individually, differing therein from many co-operative concerns.

Their location is ideal, and that their property is valuable is proven by the fact that a short time since, six acres adjoining their tract was sold for seven thousand dollars. The place is reached by electric car or boat, and will be a most attractive suburb as well as an educational center of great value. At present their lectures are held on Sunday afternoon and on Wednesday evening, also on Saturday a social or entertainment is given.

Prof. M. F. Knox, president of the Mental Science College Educational Association, announces a convention of this association to meet in Bryn Mawr, Wash., June 28, 1907, for a three days' session. All who desire to come and bring their tents can tent upon the college grounds, where the business of the convention will be transacted. All new thought people everywhere are specially invited to take part in the convention. There is room for thousands to assemble upon this most beautiful spot on Lake Washington shore front.

Another unique promoter of new thought is Mr. L. E. Rader, who is called the "Boss Evergreen," very ably assisted by Mrs. "Embossed Evergreen," so called because they are living right in the evergreens at a place called Olalla, about half way between Seattle and Tacoma reached only by boat. He publishes a "Mag-a-zin-e-let" called *Soundview,* which, as the editor says, is "penciled, printed, proofread, published, pasted and posted" right in the heart of the evergreen country. A most unique periodical. The lovely scenery, fragrant air, and freedom from the taint of the atmosphere which surrounds the frantic chase after the almighty dollar, gives it a special charm not found elsewhere.



Prof. M. F. Knox.

The Boss Evergreen is certainly sound in his views on new thought. When I wrote him for something about his work he said: "There is really nothing to tell. We are simply a family of folks not-afraid-of-an-idea. Trying to realize and put into practice, to some extent at least, the principles of the simple life. "Which same is decidedly a new thought," and

The Boss Evergreen and Wife.

they are helping other people to do likewise through the publication of *Soundview*.

Perhaps some of the new thought adherents may think it strange that a notice of the Socialists is included in this article. They are despised in some quarters, but friends they are here, and their basic principle is betterment of mankind. It is certainly quite a vigorous youngster, this new thought, that the emoluments should, in part at least, belong to the producer. Faulty methods do not detract from purity of motives, and pretty nearly everything gets smirched when it gets into politics. There are imprudent, rash promoters in every line of work, and we who profess to be looking below the surface cannot exclude from our fellowship anyone whose efforts prove that their place is in our ranks.

There are earnest workers here as well as the rampant ones, and their meetings are frequently held in the Grand Opera House on Sunday afternoons, and the hall in which they hold their Sunday evening meetings is large, and always crowded. "New thought," which spells progress, is working on many lines, and it matters not so much the clothes it wears, as does the fact that the thought of love to all mankind is present and tolerance of the methods of our brother's presentation of the same.

The glad hand of fellowship is always extended to strangers, who are seeking truth among any of these enumerated. They have not thousands of dollars in costly edifices of brick and stone, but the liberal spirit of truth-seeking is everywhere present, and no one coming from any part of the country need feel lonely for lack of friends in any line of new thought.

DIRECTORY OF NEW THOUGHT CENTERS OF SEATTLE, WASH.

First Spiritualist Society.
K. of P. Hall, 1429 First Avenue; 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock P. M., Sunday.

Seattle Psychic Society.
Alki Hall, 1420 Second Avenue; 3 o'clock P. M., Sunday.

Bible Spiritual Science Society.
A. O. U. W. Hall, 1923 First Avenue; 4 o'clock and 8 o'clock P. M., Sunday.

Christian Science Church.
Sixth Avenue and Marion Street; 11 o'clock A. M., Sunday, 8 o'clock P. M., Wednesday.

Theosophical Society.
1420 Second Avenue; Sunday and Wednesday, 8 o'clock P. M.

Theosophical Society of America.
Pioneer Block, First Avenue and Yesler Way. Sunday, 8 o'clock P. M.

The Temple.
1114 Sixth Avenue, 8 o'clock, Friday P. M.

New Thought.
1420 Second Avenue; Sunday A. M., 11 o'clock and Saturday, 8 o'clock P. M.

Mental Science College.
Bryn Mawr; Sunday, 2 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, 8 o'clock P. M.

Evergreen, Olalla.
Welcome at all times.

Socialists.
Egan's Hall, Arcade Building, Second Avenue and University Street; 8 o'clock Sunday P. M.

Your recognition of Mrs. Eddy's great work in your periodical is praiseworthy. I would, however, like to suggest an amendment to one statement. You say, "Why didn't Mrs. Crosby or some other pupil of Quimby do what Mrs. Eddy has? Because Mrs. Eddy alone of them all could receive the necessary inspiration to understand and apply what Quimby was driving at." I beg to say that the first pupil of Quimby "to understand and apply what Quimby was driving at" was the scholarly author and clergyman, Rev. Warren Felt Evans. He took up Quimby's method of healing before Quimby passed away and became the first author of the mental healing movement. His first book, "The Mental Cure," was published in 1869 and had a wide circulation at once. It was republished in Glasgow, Scotland, the following year. This was followed by five other works on the same subject during the next twenty years as a result of a wide study and practice of metaphysical healing on the part of the author.—W. J. LEONARD, Boston.

Here is a bright idea, worth pinning in your hat. I learned it from a millionaire, and straightway copied him—in all but his millions: USE A PLATE GLASS for the top of your desk. Of course, the desk must be a flat-top. The advantage is that *underneath* the glass you may scatter about any number of mottoes, photos (unmounted), especially pet pictures, etc. It is one of the items in the "beautifying of *my home*." The plates come rather expensive. I have a large one on flat desk, and another on large table—$10.00 and $7.50, but they pay one in the *solid comfort* they bestow. They can be obtained at wholesale paint or glass warehouses. Use PLATE—no comfort or artistic effect in common glass.—GRACE SEELEY, San Francisco.

Elizabeth Develops a Fad.

By William E. Towne.

We took an afternoon off recently to go to Springfield.

As the car was nearing the West Springfield line I asked, "Where are we going first, to Forbes and Wallace?"

"No," quoth Elizabeth, "I want to go first of all to Markarian's."

"Who in Sam Hill is Markarian," I replied, "and what does *he* deal in?"

"He deals in oriental goods," quoth the editor, "and I'm going to buy a Turkish rug!"

"But we don't need any more rugs just now," I objected, with my usual instinct for constituting myself a safety brake to keep her purse from bursting.

Then Elizabeth went on to tell me that, unbeknownst to me, she had hatched an idea. She had been turning it over and over in her mind, and had come to an unalterable decision. When she hatched an idea like that (alle samee as she hatched the *Nautilus* idea years ago) in the quiet of her own mind and with no inclination to talk about it, the idea *had* to *go,* and weak and foolish man must stand from under.

The idea was that it would be more economical to buy *real* Turkish rugs. She was going to buy one every six months—subscriptions and advertising permitting. She was going to get books on oriental rugs, with colored plates, and study them. Maybe she was going to write a lecture on the subject. And anyhow, she always had an extra impulse to spend money at about this season of the year.

Well, we got the rug, of course. And likewise we got a fat, illustrated rug book from the library. Elizabeth has been putting in all her spare time on this book for several days, and has apparently derived a fund of invaluable information from it.

She has learned that whenever an oriental rug weaver is visited by a friend or neighbor who expresses admiration for the work, he is asked to spit on it for good luck. The more attractive the rug the more it gets spit upon. I expect Abbie or Bobbie will be instructed to-morrow to take that new rug out and turn the hose on it.

—o—

Our First Afternoon at Netop—Spring of 1907.

By William E. Towne.

The warm, soft, showery, sunshiny April days which we have been having (albeit the calendars say it is still March), have been drawing us to the country.

Every morning as we listened to the robins singing "hurry up, hurry up," and looked forth on our lawn at green springing grass and the tulip bed, where the tulips seemed to have grown an inch during the night, we felt that we could not put off "going to Netop" for very much longer.

So one afternoon we went down town and bought a gallon of olive green paint, to be used in freshening the Netop cabin, and took the three o'clock car for Amherst.

When we got out as far as Byron Smith's Maple Brook Farm, we looked to see if he had tapped his sugar maple trees and was perchance boiling sap. We were disappointed to find that he was not doing anything in that line this year.

At Netop we found a few stray snowbanks in the woods, where the ground sloped to the north, and a little ice along the north side of the cabin, but aside from this everything wore a cheerful, spring-like aspect.

The clover about the east and south of the cabin was beginning to look quite green, with leaves the size of peas. At the back of the cabin the maple buds were swelling fast with the joyousness of spring.

We found wintergreen berries within two or three feet of our door, and the green leaves of the mountain laurel

looked forth from beneath the foundation of the cabin.

The laurel leaves are green all the year around, and the woods at the back of the cabin are full of it. Later on the laurel will present a wonderful mass of pink-white blossoms.

Out in the garden we uncovered our Luther Burbank rhubarb, which was already sending up a few red, tender looking shoots beneath its winter covering of hay and leaves.

Perched on a large rock I saw still another infallible sign of spring,—a gorgeous yellow and black butterfly. He seemed remarkably lively, too. And the birds on every side were announcing the advent of spring. Crows were cawing, in lazy spring voices, pewees were singing their cheerful, sweet, energetic songs, robins were occasionally voicing a few notes in their modulated afternoon tones, very different from their robust, optimistic morning melodies. And there were other birds whose tones we recognized, but whose family names we are not familiar with.

Down across the railway track we could hear the soft, musical gurgle of Maple Brook, falling over the rocks. It was enough to inspire a poet or a painter —even a house painter like myself!

Briefs.

By William E. Towne.

* * * It is not the soft, smooth, mushy things of life that are your best friends. The coarse, rough, rugged man is often of more value to the race than a hundred namby pambys. Walt Whitman was a perfect example of the natural man who is invaluable to the world. As he said himself, "I filter and fiber your blood."

* * * And to jump from men to things again, bread made from whole wheat flour (graham bread) is coarse in appearance but worth many times more than white bread as an article of food. Says Sylvester Graham—father of graham bread: "It was a fact well understood by the ancients, that this bread was much more conducive to the general health and vigor of their bodies, and every way better adapted to nourish and sustain them, than that made of the fine flour. * * * The Spartans were famous for this kind of bread; and we learn from Pliny that the Romans, as a nation, at that period of their history when they were the most remarkable for bodily vigor and personal prowess and achievement, knew no other bread for three hundred years.

"The warlike and powerful nations which overran the Roman Empire, and finally spread over the greater part of Europe, used no other kind of bread than that which was made of the whole substance of the grain."

* * * It is said that white bread was originally invented to gratify the depraved taste of the luxurious epicurean class—those who thought they needed a stimulus of their natural appetites which had become perverted. Anyone who lives on graham bread long enough to become fully acquainted with its taste, will hardly care to go back to white bread.

I find white bread very flat and tasteless after eating Graham bread for a few years. There is nothing nicer than the sweet, natural taste of whole wheat flour, especially when it is fresh ground.

* * * I suppose you are reading the Mary Baker Eddy articles in *McClure's,* and by all means be sure to read what the other side has to say in the counter series of articles which are being published in *Human Life* (Boston) and the *Cosmopolitan* (New York).

* * * Here are some very interesting articles in the April magazines: "The City of Chicago," in *McClure's;* "At Last We Can Fly," in *The American;* "The Climax of Jackson's Career," by Alfred Henry Lewis in *The Cosmopolitan.*

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 67.

There have been long articles, and there have been short articles upon "Things that make for Success," and upon SUCCESS itself. To my mind living by "The Golden Rule" is THE thing. Why? Simply because it shows our Faith in every way. Under some circumstances it is easy to live by it, but under others, when we rub up against "all sorts and conditions of men," and various mentalities it is NOT easy. You must first obliterate "I can't" from your vocabulary, and substitute determinedly—"I CAN, and I WILL." Then conquer self, cultivate cheerfulness, arise above the seeming difficulties of life, learn to "love your neighbor as yourself," dare fearlessly to assert the "I," live by "The Golden Rule," then YOU will have found the joy of life, as well as the very best that can go towards "making for Success" for yourself, and OTHERS. Yours for SUCCESS, and the SUCCESS of this magazine, and all its readers.—LUCIA NOBLE.

Letter No. 68.

We have no definite rule by which we can estimate the heights of success to which one may attain. There are many degrees of success, and as many different opinions as to what complete success includes. The world may proclaim a man successful and wreathe him in the laurels of public praise, but that same man must sometime answer to his inmost soul, that vital question, "Was it success or failure?" Then if the answer is "failure," how vainly will he seek to untangle and wind up the threads of his influence, which have helped to drag so many downward! There is the great point—influence. We cannot live without it. Then he has achieved success who has controlled his temper, restrained his passions, made the best of his opportunities, who has smiled through defeat as well as through victory, and who has always striven to uplift his fellowmen, whether his field of labor lay in high or menial circumstances. For, when death comes, he will find that what he has belongs to someone else; but what he is, is his forever. And surely, nothing will be able to induce him to barter away the reward of his success, when the Father shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."—RUTH L. POWERS, Vermontville, Mich. (Junior student in the High School whose principal is Garfield Inwood, winner of first $5.00 prize awarded by this department.—E. T.)

Letter No. 69.

Should the mind seem to be inclined to roam, I find the following a good lesson to attract it back home. Absolute statements often cut off temptation and bring one speedily to the *desired* end.

There is no time, place or space to spirit.
There is no where to go,
There is no thing to do,
No burdens to carry,
No secrets to tell.
All things are naked and open.
No thing to fear,
No battles to fight,
No victory to win.

Be still and know that I am God. With understanding all things are equally easy.—Mattie Bryarly.

Letter No. 70.

To attain success in any undertaking three things are necessary. First, of all and very essential, ambition, the mainstring or motive power within a man urging him on to his task.

Second, we require perseverance, the wheels or machinery, to keep us moving. Third, good judgment, the balance wheel or governor to keep ambition from running away with us. A very valuable adjunct is hope to oil the machinery. With these requisites working in harmony, man moves onward to the happy termination of his undertaking.—E. A. Randall, Truro, N. S.

—o—

Ada Mason, Ottawa, Can., wins the prize for the best letter published in our April *Nautilus*. Congratulations! Will Ada please let us know where to send the two prize subscriptions?—E. T.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.

Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will *you* join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is, *The Cosmic Consciousness.*

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

* * *

Key thought for daily meditation:—

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
w make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes and over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.
—WALT WHITMAN.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

Anthony Comstock has lost his government position as post office inspector, after thirty-four years of service. Good. This man did a valuable work in years past, in suppressing vile literature like the old *Police Gazette.* But too much thinking on one line, coupled perhaps with a desire to earn his salary, has made Anthony Comstock purity blind. For the last dozen or fifteen years he sees obscenity wherever his eye falls. Recently it fell on the magazine published in New York by the Art Students' League. Straightway he arrested as much of the league as he could find, which happened to be a timid little girl stenographer. Then the Art League went after Comstock's scalp. And got it. Good. Let us have a vice regulator who hasn't obscenity in his eye.

Has the soul a weight? If so, does the soul-part of the human being weigh only an ounce? That is something new to think of. Dr. Duncan MacDougall, a Haverhill physician, who is at the head of a research society which has been experimenting for six years, weighing bodies of dying men just before they died and immediately afterwards. The method followed was to place a dying patient in bed upon one of the platforms of a pair of scales made expressly for the experiments, and then to balance this weight by placing an equal weight in the opposite platform. These scales were constructed delicately enough to be sensitive to a weight of less than one-tenth of an ounce. In every case after death the platform opposite the one in which lay the subject of the test fell suddenly. Dr. MacDougall says: The figures on the dial index indicated the diminishment in weight. Dr. MacDougall cites several cases where the scales showed the loss of a full ounce after all the deductions for the loss of physical weight were made. In one case, that of a very phlegmatic and heavy man, the scales did not fall for a full minute after death. This is explained by Dr. MacDougall in this way: "I believe that in this case, that of a phlegmatic man slow of thought and action, that soul remained suspended in the body after death, during the minute that elapsed before it came to the consciousness of its freedom. There is no other way of accounting for it and it is what might be expected to happen in a man of the subject's temperament."—*Holyoke Transcript.*

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!
—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

E. D.—I wonder if you don't exaggerate the importance of that trouble? There isn't a woman in the land but has touches of such things. As long as a woman is happy mentally, and usefully active, she doesn't know a thing about it. But let her get into a fury over something, or let her live constantly in a fret and worry and hurry about something and she begins to feel pain and inflammation. Then the displacement feels worse, because *all the muscles and nerves of the body* are discouraged and limp and loose. It isn't the displacement which causes it, it is the mental stress. The fact that the inflammation comes and goes shows that plainly. If the displacement itself were the trouble it would be there all the time. Such troubles simply mean that that is the most excitable portion of your frame, and the most sensitive, so that any disturbance of the mind manifests there more quickly than anywhere else. *Avoid extremes,* mental, physical and emotional, particularly the latter. Live happily and usefully, believe in health within you, and you will outgrow such troubles.

G. M.—If you have succeeded in your present work you will surely succeed in another occupation more to your liking. *Believe in your desires* and get in line for the opening that will surely present itself. Get ready for the change. Put your best efforts into your dentistry and save some money to help you through the change. Look for the opening around every corner! *But don't stumble over the stone at your feet.* What you do *now* do the *best* possible, and you will reach the opening in good trim. "Whatsoever ye desire *believe that ye receive now within you,* and quickly it will manifest without.

WAITING—*Nobody* can "take the sunshine out of your life!" Soul-shine comes from within, and is no more affected by other people than the big outdoors sun is affected by the frowns of the earth. *Let* your soul-sun shine on just and unjust and you'll be happy whether others shine or not. It is when *you* curl up and quit shining that you are unhappy. You are on the right road now, and you see she is already responding. Just be content to do *all* the shining and you'll soon find the clouds all gone. She will shine, too. God answers *us through ourselves.* Be still and know.

M. A. L.—Too much indulgence to a child sets up the *habit* of unhappiness. Evidently you are suffering from this sort of "spoiling." Everything came your way when you were a child, so you learned the false lessons that happiness comes from having one's own way. Now you are grown you find you *can't* always have things your way. So you fret against "fate." The only cure for it is to turn yourself inside out and learn by practise to be happy independently of outward things. *There is no joy like that of your own soul's "well done," at good and useful work, beautifully, faithfully done.* Find that joy. Work for it, lay for it. Quit wanting things or people you haven't got and *enjoy what you have.* Practise. When you've accomplished the habit you'll find things and people coming your way again. *Hold no grudges.* If you could not *fill* that position you should have given them permission to break the contract. Don't ever *lower yourself* by hanging onto a position where you don't earn your salary to the satisfaction of your employers. Quit living for yourself and live for others for a while.

H. F. H.—I think the man in this case is nearer right in theory. But the wife may be altogether right in practise, for herself and at this particular stage in growth. However both are free beings and each must decide what he or she will do under the circumstances, *remembering* always that neither has a right to impose conditions upon the other. I have known women and men to believe as this woman does now, and afterward change again. Wherefore I deduce that the spirit doesn't hold us eternally to the same course, but leads us to wisdom through many classes and changes.

CONSTANCE—That "almost" bars you from being "born again." Not until you are ready to give up *everything*—houses, lands, father, mother, lover, conceits and opinions—can you enter the desired kingdom. When you "seek *first*" the kingdom of heaven—seek it *first every minute,* you will be ready for the new birth. *"Seek and ye shall find."* That is the only way. *Seek the spirit within you,* not the friend without. The friend can point the way, *only you* can tread it. Your present state of mind is that of a good many people who "seek the mourner's bench" at revivals. They want to be saved *in* their sins, not *from* them. As long as you only *"almost"* rather go the spirit's way than your own you will find no regeneration.

Mrs. W. L. D.—Your experience is splendid! I congratulate you. There is no limit to what you may do. Here's success!

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

FISH FOODS.

Of the Japanese we have heard much the past few years and have so learned to admire them and their achievements that even trifling details of their national life are invested with interest. A man's or a nation's method of attainment, where that method has led to marked success, is closely scanned and we naturally connect the food of men and of nations with results as part of their "method." For this reason it is of great interest that the Japanese are not only copious and frequent drinkers of water but also great eaters of fish. The geographical situation of these healthful, long-enduring islanders accounts primarily for the latter fact, but what they are proves much concerning the fitness of their food and their use of such food.

Yet we cannot go too far and claim direct results in cleverness attributal only to pronounced quality or elements of fish diet. We would thus hark back to the old belief in the great preponderance of phosphorous in fish and the claim that in consequence fish is primarily a brain food. Our government's experiments do not prove the percentage of phosphorous in fish to be in excess of its proportion in the flesh of animals or other foods or even should such greater percentage exist, that phosphorous is of any more value than many other foods for brain clearness and strength. But in the nitrogen (or protein) which goes toward building up and repairing the tissues of the human machine, fish, as a rule, is rich. In this sense fish may be said to feed the brain just as it feeds the bones, blood and muscles. A few kinds of fish contain quite a goodly degree of fat, as Spanish mackerel, California salmon, butterfish, herring and one or two others, but in most fish—seabass, cod, haddock and pickerel, for instance, it is almost an unknown quantity.

But the value of all foods depends greatly upon digestibility, that is, thoroughness of digestion, and oysters may be mentioned as a type of fish and as a type of foods most easy to digest. Oysters also partially supply the energy and fuel required by the body as they contain carbohydrates, which other fish foods, save caviar, lack. The oyster's fellow mollusks—clams, mussels and scallops—likewise share this element and their relatives the crustaceans, the lobster, crab, crawfish, shrimp and abalone. As regards any relative wholesomeness of salt and fresh water fish, however, there cannot be said to be any difference. It is a matter of taste and convenience.

Inland one may have saltwater fish dried, for instance. In this form it offers concentrated refreshment to the body and many opportunities to the housekeeper. Canned fish may not be objectionable but is best avoided, though no more so than fish which has been frozen and kept on ice for some time *unless used at once after taking from the ice, then it is all right.* In choosing fish see that the eyes and gills are bright (instead of cloudy or pale); the flesh firm, the tail stiff; the scales firmly fixed (instead of dry and readily loosened). Clams and oysters should prove their wholesomeness by motion, by closing their shells when taken from water.

Fish in general is not a "heavy" food and furnishes protein in comparatively concentrated form, therefore is an excellent food for those who live an indoor life. We also get protein in concentrated form, it is true, in nuts, legumes and cereals, but it is quite as much of a mistake for the average human being to not vary his food as widely as possible within health and sense limits, as to have but one interest in life. There is infinite variety in fish as to kind and processes of preparation, therefore let us cultivate an acquaintance with this food which the wiry, alert Japanese have found so good and follow the example of Humpty-Dumpty who related to Alice:

"I sent a message to the fish; I told them, 'This is what I wish!' And if they do not jauntily flip their fins toward us of themselves just persevere and send to them again to say, 'It will be better to obey.'"

SUGGESTIONS FOR FISH DISHES.

A Convenient Fish Chowder.

This is made without the traditional salt pork and, containing fish, potatoes and vegetables, as is does, will serve as "a whole meal in itself."

Prepare a large onion and three or four potatoes by peeling and cutting up (separately), mincing fine the onion. Also have ready a pound or so of fish cut up or flaked. (Cold fish may be used for conveninece.) Place first a layer of potatoes in the kettle to be used and alternate with the fish and onion, having the top layer of potatoes. Also add a good pinch of salt and pepper and some celery seed. A half can of tomatoes may be poured over this as well the necessary pint of boiling water. Cook over moderate heat. (Do not stir.) When the potatoes are well cooked the chowder will be done. Pour over then a pint of hot milk and let all heat through a few minutes. The chowder may be slightly thickened with flour or crackers after pouring on the milk. Just before serving add bits of butter. Many people think a dash of catsup an addition while others prefer a sprinkling of parsley or thyme.

Planked Fish.

Have a well-seasoned, hardwood plank an inch and a half through, for planking fish. Heat it well before placing upon it the fish, skin side toward the wood, and fastening it. (A few tacks will do.) Cook before an open fire or on the broiler of a gas stove. The shelf of a coal stove will answer, at a pinch. Baste the fish often with butter and when done (average time possibly twenty minutes) serve with sliced lemon, parsley and a border of "potato roses," seasoning just at the last with pepper and salt.

Fancy Roast or Panned Oysters.

For five or six squares of toast a pint of oysters will be sufficient. Drain oysters and place in saucepan with three tablespoons of butter (no water). Cook eight minutes, or less, till oysters seem plump and the edges curl, when season them and place on the prepared toast.

A Little Oyster Stew.

Drain and strain the liquor from oysters and heat it in saucepan with a cup of hot water, a small onion and stalk of celery cut up. Let simmer a few minutes when drain off the vegetables and drop into the liquor the oysters. Let them cook only till "ruffled," about six minutes, when add (for each pint of oysters) a pint of milk heated to boiling point. As it cooks up stir in a teaspoonful of flour and dessertspoonful of butter rubbed smooth together. Stir well for two minutes and serve.

Scalloped Fish Roe.

Fish roe, particularly that of the shad, is very rich as a food. For scalloping boil first the roe in water acidulated with vinegar. Then place for a few minutes in cold water, drain and dry. With a fork then crumble them lightly and mix with the yolks of three or four hard-boiled eggs and three-fourths cupful of butter, (filling the cup up with boiling water). Season with pepper and salt and parsley if liked. Bake with layer of cracker or bread crumbs at top and bottom, with bits of butter over the top. Brown well.

Sardine and Herring "Sandwiches" on Toast.

Sardines may be drained from their oil and browned in a saucepan with a little butter, serving on toast with lemon juice squeezed over them. For the herrings split a "bloater" and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Let stand in this five minutes, then dry it and broil gently for eight minutes. Remove bones then, and place between slices of hot buttered toast.

Finnan Haddie.

Remove fins, tail and skin, loosening the skin at edges and pulling first from tail end. Cut in half lengthwise and lay in saucepan. Pour over it boiling water and simmer eight minutes, when drain and add fresh water. Simmer ten minutes longer when drain and add a cup of milk. When the milk boils remove the fish to serving platter, add a lump of butter to the milk and when butter has melted pour together over the fish for serving.

RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Anent Books and Things.

When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music. —E. T.

—"The Book of Life," by J. H. Greer, M. D., is a four-volume work of 512 pages, with numerous illustrations and plates, which teaches men and women things they need to know about themselves. Valuable ideas relating to sex, love, marriage, health, disease, treatments and cures. Price for special edition, $1.00. Published by Physicians' Standard Supply Company Oddfellows' Temple, N. Broad street, Philadelphia.

—"As the World Moves On" is a brand new "optimistic song and chorus" by Tom Mitchell, that will please all lovers of popular music. The words are exceptionally good, and the song tuneful, and not too difficult, with good harmonious accompaniment. Arranged for solo, chorus or band. No price given. Sold by T. H. Mitchell, Box 473, Monaca, Pa.

—"14,000 Miles, a Carriage and Two Women," by Frances S. Howe, is a splendid big cloth-bound book of 287 pages, written by one of our good *Nautilus* friends, to spread the pleasure she and her friend garnered from long annual summer drives through New England, New York state and Canada. There is a lovely picture of them starting out with a horse and buggy, from their handsome home. The book is full of the leisure, summer spirit, winding leafy ways, limpid streams, golden grain, sun and shade and gentle breezes, with all sorts of pleasant surprises at the turns of the road. William and I would take the same sort of trip if only we could find a horse warranted to hobnob with touring cars and things. The books sells for $1.65, postpaid, by the author, 60 Mt. Pleasant avenue, Leominster, Mass.

—"Seven Steps in the Life of Prof. S. A. Weltmer, is a life story and appreciation by Grace M. Brown, which every one of the legions of friends of Prof. Weltmer will read with keenest interest. The first six of the "seven steps" show the professor as child, boy, man, teacher, healer, writer and the seventh gives a summary of his work. The book is well printed, 213 pages, bound in red cloth and white, with fine picture of Prof. Weltmer. Price $1.00, postpaid. Published by Weltmer, Nevada, Mo. Mrs. Brown, the author, is one of the editors of *Weltmer's Magazine,* which is now published at Nevada, Mo., succeeding and absorbing *Fulfillment,* which was until recently issued by the College of Divine Science, Denver. The new magazine is very artistically gotten up, and sells for $1.00 a year. May it succeed as Weltmer's other work has.

—"Fruit Recipes" is a splendid new big volume of 325 pages written by our Riley M. Fletcher Berry and published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, at $1.50 net, or $1.68 postpaid. It is a unique book on the uses of fruits as food, showing the unappreciated value of fruit, and giving nine hundred different recipes for fruit dishes and drinks. There are also six pages of valuable tables giving food values *and money values* of all fruits and nuts. And dozens of elegant half-tones from photos, all printed on heavy coated paper. The whole book is beautifully made, bound in dark gray-green cloth and silver. Mrs. Berry writes me that she received from Luther Burbank a delightful little letter of hearty praise for this book. He is particularly pleased with Mrs. Berry's treatment of the scientific view of fruits, their food value and history in general. And I feel that I cannot praise too highly this fine and timely book of Mrs. Berry's. May it enter every home in the land, particularly every *Nautilus*-reading home.

Appendicitis

Not at all Necessary to Operate in Many Cases.

Automobiles and appendicitis scare some people before they are hit.

Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix.)

A N. H. girl had appendicitis, but lived on milk for awhile—then Grape-Nuts and got well without an operation.

She says, "Five years ago while at school, I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion." (Too much starch, white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest.)

"Soon after I left school I had an attack of appendicitis and for thirteen weeks lived on milk and water. When I recovered enough to eat solid food there was nothing that would agree with me, until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts.

"When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed ninety-eight pounds, but I soon grew to one hundred and fifteen pounds. The distress after eating left me entirely and now I am like a new person."

(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much better for this case than milk alone, for the starchy part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digestible sugar in making Grape-Nuts.) Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason."

"One of the great needs of the hour is that ministers know more of the body, and physicians more of the soul."—Anon.

How to Go Into the Silence.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Here are scores of interesting letters telling how our readers go into the silence, all received in answer to that item in March editorial. I'll give you herewith a few of these Silence Letters, and next month you shall have one long and helpful letter on the subject, by Julia Seton Sears, M. D., the Boston doctor and healer. After that you shall have more of these good letters.

By the way, you'd think from these letters that the silence is a sort of vacation place where men never intrude! Or hardly ever. About one missive in twenty comes from a man. Do the men take their silence by proxy? Or don't their wives allow them any? Or are women the only ones who need to keep still? (I know *one* man who goes into the silence anyway!) Or don't the men know how they get into the silence? I give it up.

Here are the letters selected for this month—only one from a man:—

Silence Letter No. 1.

Select a quiet room and a comfortable chair. Sit well back in the chair so that the hips touch the chair back before the head and shoulders. This gives a good upright position and free play to the solar plexus. Close the eyes. Hands and feet uncrossed. Now relax every muscle and sit perfectly still, or as we used to say in our school games, let the body go dead, dead. Now raise the eyes and turning them in a little focus the inner gaze on that portion where the nose joins the forehead. Breathe slowly and deeply, but do not keep your mind on your breath. Let mind and eyes be centered alike on the forehead. Take some statement such I am Life, I am Love, I am Peace, and see each word stand out clear and distinct under the focus of your gaze. This helps concentration. And as you let go each statement let them flutter down into your body, and like barbed arrows see them find lodgment in your consciousness. Or if you prefer to be still and let Divine Love and Life flow in and through you, keep your mind's eye on the lights and colors that flow and break under the focus of your gaze.—MARGARET BRADLEY MCMAHON, Walla Walla, Wash.

Silence Letter No. 2.

Select a place where you will be free from interruption by any one, where you will not

hear human voices; if you do not find one exactly suitable, get the best you can.

Lie down on a bed or couch, or seat yourself in a chair. If a rocker and high enough, rest the head against the back of the chair. Or you may sit erect without the back touching the chair. This will have a tendency to prevent the stooping habit, or correct it if formed. Have the feet rest flat on the floor. Do not have them crossed. Place only enough tension in the muscles to hold the body in position. Let the hands lie limp in the lap or rest on the arms of the chair. An uneasy position for any member of the body, or undue strain on any muscle will do much to destroy the good effect.

Then picture in the mind the Infinite, a vast sea of Spirit; the source of all Love, Light, Life, Strength, Wisdom. In this sea, you, a spiritual being, live, move and have your being; you are engulfed in this sea; you are one with the Divine; a manifestation, an expression of the Divine. From this source you are receiving Health, Life, Light, Strength, Wisdom. Affirm the things which you desire.

If foreign thoughts come into the mind, heed them not. Bring back the mind to the path which it left. Be persistent. Be not discouraged if you do not reach your ideal of perfect concentration. The exercise cannot help but benefit you. The writer can vivify himself by this method at any time or place within a few moments.—T. M. Cook, Scottsboro, Ala.

Silence Letter No. 3.

I think the best definition of "Going into the Silence" is in the last number of *Christian*. A correspondent of Shelton writes him thus:

"You say we do not go into the Silence but that the Silence comes into us.

"I have always felt that it came into me, but as everyone said, or called it, going into the Silence, I did not dispute it. To me it is a vibration coming into me. It is a Silence and it is not a Silence. I hear everything very distinctly, and still I feel a Silence that I cannot describe. I am perfectly conscious, yet I lose the limitation of the body and am one with the universal vibrations. If this is what you call 'The Silence' please tell me. If it is not then I do not know what you mean by Silence. It comes silently and leaves silently."

Of course I suppose you've read this this month but it expresses my feelings. You see, just as I am about to write something, I read it somewhere.—E. K. Cook, Davenport, Iowa.

Silence Letter No. 4.

Get in easy position, lying or sitting, relax, close eyes and seem to see a round bright spot inside body just below where you *think* your stomach is.

In that bright spot see whatever word you wish manifested, if health, see health, if love, see love, if wealth, see wealth.

I use the word peace more than any other, for if we only have that we have everything one could wish for.

Do this wherever you are and whenever you can.

It will bring results.—Mrs. H. S. Hawley, Danbury, Conn.

In A Shadow

Inveterate Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Illinois woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of billious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth, and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took medicine of various doctors and no end of patent medicine—all to no good.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay, I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

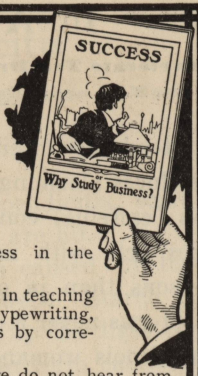
"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headache since, and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well, and my heart is getting stronger all the time. Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

CALIFORNIA ORANGE FLOWER.

A dainty perfume for laces, handkerchiefs, stationery etc. 10 cents a package. **E. R. Newhall, 1300 Carroll Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.**

FREE,



We would like to send you a copy of our free booklet—

SUCCESS; Or Why Study Business?

which outlines our

COMMERCIAL COURSE

and points the way to success in the business world.

We have been very successful in teaching Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, and other commercial branches by correspondence.

Hardly a day passes that we do not hear from some commercial student or graduate who has obtained a good position in a bank or business office or in some other capacity, and who writes to express his appreciation of our instruction and help. Many are studying with us in order to be more successful in the management of their own affairs.

We offer over one hundred courses in Academic and Preparatory, Agricultural, Commercial, Normal and Common School branches under leading professors in our great colleges.

Our tuition rates are so low that no one need be kept from enrolling with us on the ground of expense.

Write To-day for the SUCCESS Booklet and a Copy of our General Catalogue.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
25 Besse Place, Springfield, Mass.

A Dainty Delicately Perfumed Refined Face Powder

that is adhesive and positively imperceptible when properly applied. It cannot clog the pores and thus cause pimples, blackheads and other skin troubles as inferior face powders are sure to do. Three shades—white, flesh and brunette.

Price 50c at all Dealers

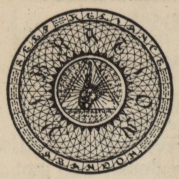
Mrs. Gervaise Graham

1475 Michigan, Ave., Chicago.

Mailed upon receipt of price.

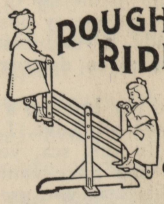
SEND FOR SAMPLE.

VOICE PLACING BY CORRESPONDENCE



The first true analysis of the human voice. A revelation in the tone world. This Course treats of tone form, which is the first true analysis of registers. It is being recognized by the professional musician everywhere, and is receiving favorable comment from many of the leading magazines of the world. Book—"Voice Placing" sent upon receipt of $1.00. Do not fail to send 2c stamp for FREE souvenir booklet.

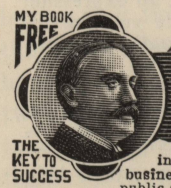
Address: CARL YOUNG, Voice Specialist, Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



STRICTLY NEW AND UNIQUE
JOYFUL HEALTHFUL EXERCISE
FOR ALL SEASONS
WRITE TO DAY FOR CIRCULAR

Coudersport Mangle Roller Co.
Coudersport, Pa.

MY BOOK FREE



THE KEY TO SUCCESS

"HOW TO REMEMBER"
Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send for Free Booklet.

Dickson Memory School, 888 Kimball Hall, Chicago

Rational Christian Science.

New revelations which quickly convince. This wonderful unfoldment will magically bring into your life real richness and satisfaction. All diseases quickly eradicated. Good results must follow as naturally as night follows day. Our sound reasoning appeals to all thinkers of every denomination. No one can afford to be without this knowledge. Mention your age, doubts, ailments, etc., and ask for free advice. Address, **National Institute of Science, N. 306 Wabash Ave., Chicago.**

4% Interest Paid on Deposits.

If your money is earning less than this and you would like to know how to get four per cent and why we can pay it safely and surely write **CITIZENS' STATE BANK, Castlewood, South Dakota.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Quickly Removed by using Sonata Hair Remover once weekly; non-poisonous, wonderful Results. Price $1.00. Hair Tonics, Shampoos, Facial Creams and other toilet articles supplied on application. Price-list free.

M. HACH, 346 East 24th St., New York City.

How Fortunes Are Made Incomes doubled. Mention occupation, drawbacks, desires. Success in business and social life assured. Members everywhere. Literature gratis. **Mutual Benefit Club, N. A., 537 E. 55th St., Chicago.**

ESSENOLOGY.

If you want to know how to use the powers of your mind in Prevision, Telepathy, Self-Healing, Weather Forecasting and Mineral Divination, send stamp for pamphlet.

COUGHER MENTAL TRAINING SCHOOL, Simpson Block, Kansas City, Kansas.

SOUVENIR POSTCARD Set of *Jamestown Exposition or Evelyn Nesbit Thaw* cards sent FREE to anyone sending 10 cents for membership in the World's Exchange Club whereby you can exchange cards with collectors in all parts of the world. Address, **World Post Card Exchange, 16th & Euclid Ave., Philadelphia.**

Mental Science College, Bryn Mawr, Washington.

Wanted 100 Teachers, Lecturers and Healers for active work at the close of 1907 term. College opens July 1. Positions ready for all who can demonstrate these truths. Address **PROFFESSOR M. F. KNOX, Seattle, Wash.**